

January

The American Mercury



The Coming Real Estate Crash	J. L. Brown
Japan's Secret Navy	Fletcher Pratt
Dr. Locke's "Cure" For Arthritis	Robert Strunsky
Major Berry — Always Available	Felix Bruner
Debunking the Game of Bridge	F. Dudley Courtenay
The Virgin	Hannah Lees
Steel Sings the Blues	James Stevens
The Literary Comrade	Ernest Boyd
Swinburne	Ford Madox Ford
The Best Best-Seller	John W. Thomason, Jr.
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By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

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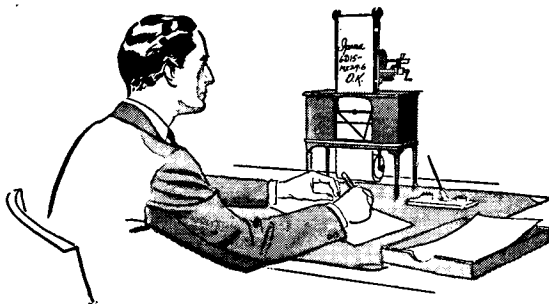
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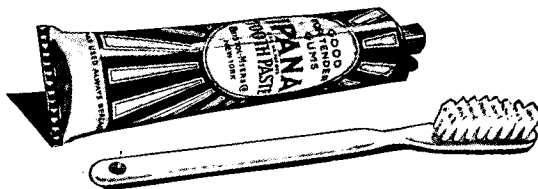


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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XL

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THE OPEN FORUM

MR. POLLOCK; PRO AND CON

SIR: In the August issue of *THE MERCURY* you printed an article by Channing Pollock called "The Survival of the Unfittest". This concoction of lies and treason is despicable not only for its attacks on government Relief, but also for its condemnation of the principles of democracy, of culture, of human decency, and of honesty. When a magazine resorts to such a low level of intelligence and humanity, it no longer has a place among American publications.

J. H. WILSON

Los Angeles

SIR: Convey my appreciation to Mr. Channing Pollock for his article, "America Doesn't Give a Damn". It is so startlingly true, so fundamentally pertinent, and so challenging as to be worth reprinting. After the usual run of prejudiced and ineffectual pieces, this indictment of a fiddling citizenry seems as salutary as a fresh mountain breeze on the face of one emerging from the fusty air of a dungeon! In its courageous truth and timely intelligence, it takes on the nature of an American manifesto; a copy should be put in the hands of every reading man, woman, and child in America. As long as you print such articles, your *MERCURY* will be a leader in American journalism.

F. GARDNER CLOUGH

Washingtonville, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Channing Pollock in your November issue discloses rather too patently that his internal economy is in an uproar. He loudly bewails the indisputable fact that America seems to have suddenly recognized that the human being is destined to be a long time dead, and that life at best is short. And he speaks of the cataclysms that are to come, and he thinks we should do something about it.

It seems to me that the masses are now

speaking — and in a voice that is to be heard; the voice of the people; the will of the majority, even though the "majority" is made up of the Great Unwashed. The masses assuredly are hell-bent. And Mr. Pollock very chauvinistically laments the fact that the old order is changing.

The gentleman evidently doesn't know that, after all, the greatest thing in life is life. And life should not be seasoned with inhibitions and fixations to the detriment of appetite and good taste. The people evidently want, to put it vulgarly, nothing more than the right to eat, drink, sleep, play, and procreate. I do not see why anyone should want to disturb that perfectly understandable and idealistic program.

I feel that when this old flattened sphere of ours has cooled off another couple of million years, perhaps the imprints of the present races will have been obliterated, like Caesaria and Herculaneum. And the old world will continue to oscillate and rotate, wabbling every now and then, and there will be more Pollocks and Comstocks and Carrie Nations. And the cycles will continue, in spite of everything.

Let us continue to live — to live as we want (if we do want to live). And, if our desires carry us to the extreme of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant, why, then, let us accept everything. And let the rest of the world — humanity, time, condition, and circumstance — do what it will. America doesn't give a damn. No. And I honestly believe that it wouldn't make any difference in the long reaches of infinity whether America did or did not.

J. EDWIN RUSSELL

New Hyde Park, N. Y.

PAGING MR. RICHBERG

SIR: I doubt whether a more revelatory illumination of the inside of a New Dealer's

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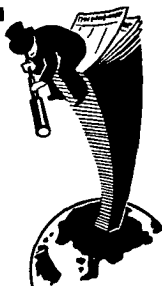
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THE OPEN FORUM

skull will ever be made than that which Donald R. Richberg offered us in the *MERCURY*. It seems that someone has been calling the New Dealers unlovely names. So what happens? So Richberg sits down on a stump, puts a forefinger in each corner of his mouth, and screeches: "Ya-a-a-a-ah! I can call you bigger names than you can call me!" This, in addition to a few Christmascard verses expressing sanctified reverence for his old chief, the Great White Father, is about the sum total of Donald Richberg's literary success.

Not one important issue is discussed or even recognized. Not one significant fact emerges. Mr. Roosevelt is a good man; *ergo*, those who oppose him must be rascals. And to think that this treacle comes from one who was once thought worthy to head the NRA!

WAYNE D. PICKELL

Minneapolis

SIR: In requesting you to discontinue my subscription to *THE MERCURY*, I wish to add my feeble voice to the growing list of those who have denounced *THE MERCURY* in its present form as a yellow journalistic sheet unworthy of consideration by decent men. Ordinarily, I would be grateful to you for the article "Enemies of the New Deal" in your November issue. However, your comment which serves as an introduction to the article reveals your true colors, and belies your false boast that *THE MERCURY* is a fearless magazine of opinion.

If you have sold out to Hearst, why are you not man enough to admit it? If you are running a propaganda sheet, why do you make the claim that you are publishing a magazine of unbiased opinion?

New York City

AARON KAHAN

SIR: The Hon. Donald R. Richberg must have been cruelly deceived as to the mental equipment of the majority of *MERCURY* readers. His article was evidently written to catch only the suckers and morons of the country; in other words, the class of people backing the New Deal.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

Michoacán, Mexico



THE OPEN FORUM

SIR: There is one thing I cannot understand about THE MERCURY. Beneath THE OPEN FORUM section have appeared these words: "Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages." Under its present management and editorial policy, THE MERCURY has been an enemy of the working class, a distorter of truth, and out-and-out Fascist which, as we sane Americans know, is Capitalism electrified with murder, fostered by entrenched wealth and greed, presided over by pot-gutted Capitalists who have more of the world's goods than they will ever use and far more than they deserve; and who, while preaching Americanism, patriotism, democracy, and religion, think more of profits and machines than they do of human beings. Yes, the invitation coming from you is quite beyond me, for Fascism censors and prints only the one side.

I hate your publication like I hate all enemies of America; your magazine has not said anything worth the paper it was printed on. But, seeing your readers leaving you, you got wise to yourself and invited the Democratic Party to come to your rescue, another thing I cannot understand about Fascism; and you printed "Hunting the Jabberwock in 1936" by Donald R. Richberg in November. This was a very refreshing article, but of course it would be silly of me to ask for any more such articles.

Furthermore, it will be silly of me to expect to see this letter in print.

DEADERICK F. JENKINS

Los Angeles



SMUG INTELLECTUALS

SIR: It seems significant that so many readers of THE MERCURY have written indignant letters opposing criticism of the New Deal and felt shocked by Mr. Mencken's attacks upon Roosevelt experiments. The reader of THE MERCURY is of the "progressively-minded" class, and the trouble with this class today is that it

(Continued in back adv't sections, p. xiv)



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The American MERCURY

AUTOPSY ON THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

ON THE morning after Election Day, while the nation was ringing with the news of Dr. Roosevelt's avalanchial victory, I received a letter from Topeka, Kansas, written by one of Governor Landon's most prominent campaign advisers. It had been penned on the very eve of the balloting. "We are all quite confident of the Governor's election," said the writer as he outlined elaborate personal plans for the ensuing weeks, all predicated on a Landon victory. The following day, even Kansas joined the Roosevelt landslide.

This incident is symbolic of the vaporous unreality which befogged the Republican high command throughout the 1936 campaign. So detached from the American masses were the Republican po-

liticos that many of them were totally unaware of the irresistible Roosevelt undertow, perceptible to even the most casual tyro of the street. They campaigned to the end in a pleasant haze of wishful thinking—blissfully unconscious of the fact that the American public was not even listening to their propaganda.

Whether the Republican Party, as such, can ever recover from this annihilating rout is conjectural. Unquestionably its survival will be determined largely by its willingness to submit itself to merciless self-criticism. For it is a fair presumption that the immensity of the 1936 defeat was the direct consequence of the failure of a blind party leadership to undertake such self-criticism after the warning signal of 1932. Another four years

of Republican aloofness from the masses may reduce this once masterful party to the ghastly impotence of the present British Liberal Party. Intellectual humility, resilience of strategy, and a realistic willingness to face the fact of a changed American electorate must be speedily manifested by the Republican leaders if their party is not to go the way of the roc and the dodo.

In this cold gray morning of Republican defeat, many reasons will be hazarded to explain the debacle. Second-guessers will attempt to point out just where Republican strategy failed. Critics whose approach to contemporary politics is as unrealistic as that of the fallen campaign managers will point to petty tactical blunders. The so-called "Liberals" in the party will endeavor to prove that rehabilitation can come only from a further swing to the Left, in the face of the fact that Governor Landon, after an almost abject attempt to out-Liberal President Roosevelt, received fifty-one fewer electoral votes than were polled by the Rightist Hoover four years before. Standpatters, still living in the days of McKinley and Roosevelt the First, will maintain that since the Republican position is doctrinally sound, it is merely necessary to

wait until the public recovers from its present lunacies for victory to return painlessly to the G.O.P. — this notwithstanding the fact that each of the last three elections has exhibited a cumulative anti-Republican trend. Obviously there is little help in any such councils.

A truer diagnosis of contemporary Republicanism will reveal that there was one master cause for the repudiation of Governor Landon. That cause had little to do with Liberalism or Conservatism; Standpattism or Radicalism; Progressivism or Reaction. The basic reason was the utter inability of the Landon campaign to register an impression of political sincerity in the minds of independent voters. Poor Alf went down to the political shambles, not because his cause was wrong, but because his campaign technique was so faulty that he could not convince the common man that he was actuated by any loftier vision than that of opportunistic vote-seeking.

We are still too near the hysterical incidents of the struggle to require an exhaustive recital of the Governor's incredible campaign shortcomings. From the moment at Cleveland when he ceased to be a legendary figure and stepped in his own person before the foot-lights, he pitched himself in a con-

tinuous false campaign key. The independent voters were looking for an affirmative crusader who would fearlessly voice their deep moral dissatisfaction with a blundering New Deal Administration: instead, the Republican Party gave them an irresolute standard-bearer whose whole campaign was a negative effort to avoid offense to any voting sector.

Worse, his campaign declarations did not add up. Symbolizing economy, his speeches espoused programs which would have made the balanced budget as unattainable under his Presidency as under the New Deal. Denouncing government interference with private enterprise, he hastened to beat President Roosevelt to the gun with a program of crop insurance which would have kept the government permanently in the business of controlling free markets. Attacking the Roosevelt Relief policies, he was at pains to reassure the public that he also would continue Relief. Denouncing the Roosevelt trade pacts, he asserted that he was not against the trade-pact program. Declaring for the gold standard, he was conspicuously silent on the immediate question of whether he would abandon the Roosevelt managed-valuation policy. Inveighing

against bureaucracy, he was distractingly vague in specifying the points at which he would amputate bureaucracy from the swollen federal structure. In what should have been the focal issue of the campaign—the choice between Statism and freedom as the future economic pattern of America—he neither drew the indictment against President Roosevelt nor enunciated clearly his own Republican position. At the end of the campaign, the voters had the impression that here was a man who had not clearly formulated in his own mind a Republican alternative to any of the basic policies of the Roosevelt Administration. Can the independent voters be blamed for concluding that such a campaign had an equivocal quality which could not command their support?

On the other hand, Dr. Roosevelt, with his gift for apparent candor, breezed through the campaign with an almost flawless impersonation of sincerity and transparent honesty of purpose. He waged a battle which was a masterpiece of political artistry, skillfully diverting the public mind at all times from the specific issues, upon which he was weak, to the single issue of his quality of leadership, upon which he was strong.

More realistic than his Republican opponents, he grasped the fact that the masses are impelled not by rationalized economic or factual arguments, but by elemental moral considerations such as honesty, sincerity, and courage of leadership. He played artfully upon the knowledge that the voters are willing to forgive a multitude of mistakes in their candidate so long as he satisfies their ideals in character. Throughout the campaign, the instinctive rejoinder of the common voter was: "Yes, we know Roosevelt has made mistakes, but at least he has tried to do something." Against this simple premise, the waves of Republican propaganda beat in vain. At the end, when Governor Landon, in his one effective speech of the campaign, attempted to pin the President down to a direct answer on a list of specific issues, Dr. Roosevelt was so certain of his public that he contemptuously waved aside the whole challenge, and concluded his campaign with the extraordinary Madison Square Garden address in which he proclaimed himself as the national "Master". And since voters in all lands and in all ages have always been passionately fond of Masters who can voice convincingly the urges which are in their own

hearts, the American electorate surged to the polls on the following Tuesday to give Mr. Roosevelt the greatest political victory since Monroe.

II

One of the intriguing questions which future historians probably will long debate is whether the Republican Party ever had a chance to defeat Dr. Roosevelt in 1936. In the face of contrary prevailing opinion, it seems to me that there was such a possibility. It was unmistakably apparent early in 1935.

At that time, public opinion had turned spectacularly against President Roosevelt. The press, for the first time in his Administration, had swung heavily against him. The Democratic majority in Congress, reflecting the new public temper, had become recalcitrant, and such leaders as Senators Glass, Byrd, Tydings, Gore, Copeland, Bailey, and George were consolidating a definite anti-New Deal Democratic bloc. In the country at large, symptoms of unrest were increasing everywhere. To accelerate the trend, the Supreme Court, after an apparent leaning toward the New Deal in its gold ruling, suddenly precipitated its series of

sweeping decisions which demolished the whole New Deal edifice. Dr. Roosevelt, with a disintegrating Administration on his hands, was in a perilous position.

The task for the Republican Party was unmistakably plain. Obviously the spell of the Roosevelt leadership was shattered. The country was weary of Radicalism and was in a mood to respond enthusiastically to a purposeful opposition. The Republican duty was quickly to construct such a leadership by the establishment of a new genuine coalition with conservative Southern Democrats. Such a coalition, of course, would have required painful sacrifices by the Republicans. After the shattering Congressional defeat of 1934, it would have been futile to hope that conservative Democrats who still controlled local or State party machinery would swing over to the Republicans as subordinate units: what was necessary was something more closely resembling a new Conservative Party.

Had the minds of Republican leaders been centered on the primary purpose of halting the New Deal, it is probable that a working arrangement could have been reached with the Democratic Conservatives which would have smashed Dr. Roosevelt's party.

The price would have been the tendering of the Presidential nomination in 1936 to a Southern Democrat, the most obvious possibility being Senator Byrd of Virginia. It would have been necessary that the old Republican Party be merged into a new and broader organization in which the conservative Democrats would have played a co-equal part. The dramatic impact of such a non-partisan gesture of patriotism would have broken down the South's inhibition against Republicans. It would have been an act of far-sighted political vision such as that of Stanley Baldwin in 1931 when he prolonged the life of the British Conservative Party a full generation by yielding the Premiership to Ramsay MacDonald. It would, for the first time in American history, have united the Conservatives of both parties into an overpowering anti-Radical coalition.

Unfortunately, there were no Baldwins among the Republican leaders in those fateful months of 1935. True, there was prolific talk of coalition, but it was apparent to the Democrats that what the Republicans had in mind was not coalition but absorption. And so the rebellious Democrats, one by one, offered propitiation at the

White House. The opportunity to create an invincible American Conservative Party was tossed away.

There was still the possibility, however, after the Republicans had made their decision against coalition, that with proper stage-management they could have conducted an effective 1936 campaign. Even though defeated, there could have been an heroic quality about their defeat which would have left the party in a position of exercising profound moral influence during the ensuing Administration. Unhappily, even this second-best alternative was rejected.

The situation logically called for an uncompromising crusade against the whole New Deal. In such a strategy, it was obvious that the Republicans would have everything to gain and nothing to lose; for if the country were still New Deal-minded, President Roosevelt would be unbeatable, and Republican echoing of his policies would merely make the party ridiculous. On the other hand, if 1936 should witness a real swing of national sentiment away from the New Deal, there would be everything to win by a smashing, unswerving assault. That such a militant policy would have attracted a much greater vote than

the mealy-mouthed strategy eventually adopted at the Cleveland convention was later shown by the November election returns in Iowa, where Senator L. J. Dickinson, the most uncompromising of the party militants, ran 170,000 votes ahead of Landon in a New Deal State.

It is easy now to perceive where the Republican bandwagon was derailed. In the late weeks of 1935, it began to be apparent that a small but determined group of important businessmen were working quietly to take over the direction of the 1936 campaign. In the beginning, this movement was primarily anti-Hoover. News began to trickle out concerning mysterious dinners and conferences at which party decisions were being reached. It was difficult, at first, to condemn such activities. Obviously, the party was in need of a directing brain. There had been an inertia and a planlessness on the part of both the Republican National Committee and the Republican delegation in Congress. The business leaders comprising the group were devoted Republicans who were fearful of an internal party controversy at Cleveland which might wreck any chance of defeating Roosevelt. It seemed logical to them that a directing group should take hold of the

situation, raise adequate money to finance immediate Republican activities, and handpick a candidate to fit the specifications for the 1936 fight.

Unhappily, their earnest efforts were wrecked upon the rock of over-subtlety. Being utterly unfamiliar with the motive forces which control mass political action, the volunteer group fell into the error of assuming that the methods of consumer manipulation which they had long employed in their own advertising departments could be carried over into politics. They convinced themselves that by sheer power of spotlighting and publicity, they could create a synthetic candidate who would defeat President Roosevelt by an elaborate marshaling of antithetical personal traits. In pursuance of this conviction, the group spent large sums on complicated charts and questionnaires, and assembled expensive staffs of economists, psychologists, advertising wizards, public relations oracles, radio messiahs, and publicity master minds, all of them as virginally innocent of political experience as their sponsors. During the months before the Cleveland convention, this preposterous aggregation of theoretical nonentities drew large salaries

from the Republican exchequer and solemnly fed their paymasters a steady stream of mystical claptrap about the psychology of the American voter. Out of their profound cerebrations emerged the unhappy figure of Alfred Mossman Landon as the advertising experts' Dream-Candidate.

Of course any intelligent practitioner of the political art could have told them in advance that victories are not manufactured by such laboratory test-tubing. The whole rule-book method of political planning is voided by the fact that Presidential battles turn almost entirely upon imponderables. People cannot be studied, in their political behaviorism, as though they were guinea pigs. Mass impulses which cut unexpectedly across the lines of class and region may nullify the certainties of the chart readers. The emotional pull of the candidates themselves is always an X factor. Certainly the most lethal blunder which can be perpetrated by a political manager is to permit the voter to suspect that the political situation is being rigged.

Moreover, voters do not warm up to synthetic candidates. As consumers they may submit to all the humbuggery of the advertising clan: as voters they have a

prideful sense that they are sovereign electors. Mr. Landon, with his insolently artificial build-up, went through the campaign with the wooden impersonality of a marionette. All his admirable individual qualities were overlaid with the unconvincing stereotype which the publicity men tried to give him. In the end, the whole elaborate stratagem collapsed upon its founders. The voters wrathfully surged to the polls to rebuke the transparent boob-trap by a torrential tidal wave of votes for the adroit and smiling Dr. Roosevelt.

III

Whether the Republican leaders can read the lesson of the pathetically mismanaged 1936 campaign is problematical. Certain it is that they must read it or die as a major political party. Unfortunately, such comments as have appeared since the November disaster reveal little of that chastened humility of spirit without which there can be no rebirth of real Republicanism in America.

In the confused disillusionment of this after-election period, certain facts stand out with cameo clearness. Foremost is the fact that under the imposing façade of Republicanism, the living member-

ship of the party is dwindling away. To pursue a do-nothing policy is simply to join in a death watch over a moribund organization. An examination of the Presidential vote over the last sixteen years shows that the Republican strength has been almost stationary since the World War. In 1920, the Harding total was 16,152,200. In 1936, the Landon vote (*New York Times* estimate) was 16,516,995. But what was happening to the Democratic vote during the same years? In 1920, the Democrats polled 9,147,353 votes. In 1936, their strength had trebled to 27,904,949. The natural deduction is that practically all the new voters who have reached voting age since the war, as well as the bulk of the independent voters, have gravitated to the Democratic Party.

One of the startling facts brought out in Dr. Gallup's poll during the campaign was that the Roosevelt-Landon followings divided almost uncannily according to age brackets. Dr. Gallup found that sixty per cent of the voters under thirty-five were for Roosevelt, while the majority over forty-five were for Landon. In other words, the Republican Party was shown to be holding the middle-aged and elderly voters, while the youth of the country was flowing over-

whelmingly into the Roosevelt ranks. Of course, the continuation of such a process spells the inevitable bleeding to death of the Republican Party.

Hardly less fatal has been the extraordinary swing of the lower income and wage-earning groups to the Democratic Party. In the days of Republican primacy, Labor, thanks largely to the protective tariff issue, threw the majority of its votes to the Republicans. With the Democrats enjoying the advantage of the Solid South, it is difficult to see how the Republicans can hope to climb back to dominance unless they can recover this Labor vote. In the 1936 campaign, the action of such States as Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Michigan showed that even the last-ditch wage-earners who have loyally stood by the Republican Party through the disasters of both 1932 and 1934 have now begun to depart.

What can the Republicans do to halt this dance of death? A few general suggestions may indicate the immediate and obvious steps.

First of all, the time has come for a drastic overhauling of party organization. The decay of the body of the Republican Party is the tragic consequence of the prior softening of the party brain. Such

an experience as we have just witnessed of the whole party direction passing into the hands of parochial Kansas editors would not have been possible except for the present makeshift character of control. In the period which lies ahead, when the party will be struggling against terrific odds to regain its lost status, Republicans cannot afford to continue their present loose, irresponsible National Committee system. The control and definition of party policy must be transferred to the only really responsible body in the party—the Republican delegation in Congress.

Experience has demonstrated that the present National Committee system is probably the most wasteful and inefficient form of leadership which could be devised. Every four years an immense staff of incompetent people is gathered together to improvise a campaign. They squander millions of campaign money on useless and duplicating tasks which have little effect upon the popular vote. On Election Day, they disband for another four years while the National Committee chairman, chosen by a Presidential candidate who may have been repudiated at the polls, continues to sit for four years in a Washington office and to act as

the official party oracle. The whole committee system is a rootless structure of brass-hat control which impedes rather than accelerates the growth of a minority political organization.

Conversely, the party delegation in Congress is a living organism through which alone the minority voice expresses itself in government. It is a body sensitively attuned to mass and regional sentiment. Its members, without any actual liaison with the National Committee, are continuously assuming positions on national policy as voting legislators which, in turn, become the official party record. While the party is out of power, they should supplant the National Committee as the planning and executive body of national Republicanism.

The European parliamentary systems have demonstrated unquestionably the superior versatility and mobility of a party which is ruled by its parliamentary delegation, over the cumbersome devices which have long been tolerated in America. To implement such a party governing body, it would be essential that the institution of the party caucus be restored to its original authority. It seems certain that such a revitalization of the party Congressional body

would have a quickening effect upon Republicanism during the period of impotence which lies ahead.

With such an overhauling of mechanism, bringing the organization more closely in touch with the people, it would be possible to face the doctrinal changes which must be accepted if the party is to become once more a popular movement. The principal weakness of Republican leadership in recent years has been its ostrich policy of shrinking from fundamental decisions. With long-continued and effortless power, the party character had become flaccid prior to 1932. Leaders had fallen into the easy assumption that the majority of the voters were normally Republican and that, therefore, it was unnecessary for the party continuously to resell itself.

When Dr. Roosevelt came upon the scene with his extraordinary gift of political evangelism, the leaders wasted four precious years in the delusion that there would be an easy pendulum swing back to Republicanism, and that propaganda on their part was unnecessary. When at last the challenge of an actual campaign was upon them last Summer, the leaders found that they had no pre-arranged and modernized party

program, and so they surrendered the helm to the hopeless political Laodiceans from Kansas.

With the repudiation of the Sunflower editors and their business sponsors, the Republican Party faces the searching task of redefining party doctrines in the light of a changed public consciousness. It must take one of two positions. Either it must be the party of the Right, challenging Dr. Roosevelt from the broad platform of traditional Conservatism, or it must become the party of the Left, challenging him from the coign of an even more Radical social philosophy. Whichever position it decides to take, the party must reconcile itself to the loss of those members who will not follow it to one or other of these positive positions. It cannot, like Governor Landon, attempt to hold everybody by a continued party vagueness which, in the end, satisfies nobody. Minority parties cannot battle their way back to power on the easy pinions of ambiguity.

An analysis of the present political line-up in America would seem to suggest that the Right or Conservative position must be the logical choice for Republicanism. Despite the huge Roosevelt majority, it is probable that Conservatives still largely outnumber Radi-

cals in the American electorate. Being divided between two parties, their numerical advantage is squandered. Although the most favorable opportunity for the Republicans to establish an entente with the Conservative South was probably lost in 1935, an alert and de-Radicalized Republican Party may again find an opportunity for coalition in some unforeseen blunder of Dr. Roosevelt's second Administration. But such an opportunity will be meaningless unless the Republicans succeed in purging themselves of the all-things-to-all-men attitude which wrecked the 1936 campaign. There must be a genuine demonstration on the part of the leaders that they have burned their "Liberal" bridges behind them and that they offer an honest alternative to Mr. Roosevelt's Leftist leadership.

With such a new realism, Republicans may hope to touch the imagination of the millions of young and independent voters who have now drifted away from them in disgust. Youth is naturally moved by the urge of the crusader. A Republican Party which is not just a cynical machine for winning office, but which is the apostle of a burning political conviction, will again draw the masses. Man does not live by bread alone, and there

is a magic in the appeal of a great moral cause which can triumph over all the arts of the demagogue. But the people will not follow Republican leadership until first of all that leadership shows its own faith

by crossing its Rubicon. Let the Republican Party take a fearless, unequivocal Right position, and, reborn in the form of an American Conservative Party, it may find that it has inherited the future.



THE REBEL

BY NATHALIA CRANE

IN the Province of Confusion
The rebel drew his sword,
Were it only for a primrose
Or simply for the Lord.

Unabashed and unassisted
He rinsed the beggar sweet,
And he died, the perfect challenge —
A lover of defeat.

Time resurrects his gallants;
Scorning the graveyard spade,
He brushes a moldy tunic,
Cleanses a rusty blade;

For the beggar lacks his honor
And the primrose is forsook;
And the Lord, without his rebel,
Unto Himself must look.

THE COMING REAL ESTATE CRASH

By J. L. BROWN

WHEN the final word on New Deal futility is written, the fiasco which is likely to be awarded first place will not be the celebrated NRA, or the WPA, or even the AAA: it will be that grandiose project which was to scotch once and for all the wolf in sheriff's clothing—the Home Owners' Loan Corporation.

Yet, surprising to record, the latter subject is one upon which the Press has seemingly displayed the least curiosity; and during the late-lamented plebiscite, even Republicans studiously avoided it as a campaign issue. A valid explanation of the first phenomenon is found primarily in a censorship the like of which has never been surpassed in any civil agency of the government. The justification of the latter was votes—a good many million of them. As a consequence of this conspiracy of silence, the awakening, when it does come, promises to be an unmercifully rude one.

Midway in its prescribed three-year span of activity, the HOLC in

a sudden flush of optimism proclaimed to the public at large:

The refinancing operations of the Corporation have prevented thousands of foreclosures, stabilized real estate values, liquidated over two billion dollars of frozen mortgage credit, checked the cycle of deflation, and, in brief, arrested the further disintegration of the entire mortgage credit structure.

Probably nothing could be further from the truth. It appears much more certain that, when the full mischief is done, hundreds of millions of dollars of public money will be dissipated; that thousands of home owners who were falsely encouraged to become debtors of their country will be disillusioned and embittered; and that, most disastrous of all, the real estate market will be the special victim of the first government-planned crash in history. It is with this latter eventuality that we are presently concerned, for, needless to say, in a nation of owner-occupied homes, an unusual slump in real estate values is a major calamity.

The fact is, a more impractical

and harebrained scheme than the HOLC could hardly have been tried by responsible authority. For the amazing proposal of this agency was to loan out billions of dollars — but only to those borrowers who were obviously the least able to repay. From the beginning there never was the slightest doubt among realists as to the inevitable outcome of such a grotesque “lending” policy.

The underlying theory of the Home Owners’ Loan Act had no plausible basis. Reduced to the purest substance of ancient melodrama from which the theme was patently lifted, it proclaimed the run-of-the-mine homesteader an honest, God-fearing hombre, unjustly threatened with eviction from his ancestral dwelling. The remedy was to confound the villainous mortgagees with the last-minute appearance of some Good Fairy, bearing the necessary cash — this denouement, needless to say, being good for sustained and rapturous applause.

That the Congress of 1933 was essentially a hero with money to burn, is, of course, by now conclusively established. When, therefore, it launched upon the noble aim of playing the supreme Good Fairy to all embattled homesteaders, it had no intention of dilly-

dallying, even in an undertaking which called for billions. There was an Emergency which required nothing less than that the United States should forthwith take over the mortgage business; and so acute was the situation that time could not be afforded even to figure the probable colossal cost. Thus, when the initial allotment of \$2,000,000,000 was found to be insufficient, second and third helpings of \$1,000,000,000 and \$1,750,000,000 were, with commendable speed, tossed to the diabolical money-lenders.

What the spendthrift Congress failed to notice, however, was the singular preference which the supposedly grasping lenders displayed for greenbacks as opposed to old homesteads. In the play, the villain always accepted the money reluctantly, and with a terrible scowl of defeat.

It goes without saying that the scenes attendant upon the distribution of this vast largesse were a veritable wonder to behold. In numerous cities long queues of people stretched daily, from early morning to early evening, before the various district offices of the HOLC. In suffocating numbers they crowded into barn-like rooms before bewildered hirelings who, if the confusion was any criterion,

knew considerably more about landing a political job than lending on mortgage. Many applicants could barely speak English; many others were ward politicians of varying degree; great numbers knew only that the government was handing out money, and now was the time to get rid of that bothersome private mortgagee who insisted upon his interest only thirty days after it was due, and likewise got nasty when taxes were but one year in arrears.

In very little time, therefore, thousands upon thousands of applications were accepted, but without any further steps being taken to act upon them. The obvious reason for the stalemate was that the officials of the Corporation, face to face with an unworkable law on the one hand, and a mass of practicalities on the other, were in a hell of a mess.

In the meantime, the delighted homesteaders sat back confidently, paying neither interest nor taxes, just leaving it to Uncle Sam. In those happy days, consequently, it was far cheaper for the knowing ones to luxuriate in an elegant \$20,000 home than to inhabit a modest flat for which rent was inevitably payable the first of each month.

The situation might easily have

rested in an impasse, and a lengthy respite been gained for the homesteaders without more than a fraction of the billions being spent, had not the money-lenders, now seeing themselves the bag-holders as well, taken a hand. So well did they take a hand, in fact, that Uncle Sam himself now promises to become the greatest bag-holder ever known upon this shining earth.

For here it must be written that the same, sad fate which always overtakes the more noble products of legislative Uplift likewise caught up with the Home Owners' Loan Act. Not only did the law provide a happy hunting ground for chisellers, but far from being the relief and haven of the harassed, it became instead the vehicle for their oppression. The mortgagees, in other words, sensing opportunity, naturally took advantage and immediately instituted thousands of foreclosures which otherwise would never have occurred. The explanation is quite simple: Real estate was a frozen commodity; what better than dispose of investments in it, likewise unliquid, to any ready buyer? And if the first yokel with well-filled pockets who happened to come along was Uncle Sam, then so much the better.

Consequently, in numerous instances where mortgagees had been working out their mutual problems satisfactorily, if slowly, the mortgages were suddenly called. A wave of notices went out to unsuspecting homesteaders from banks, mortgage companies, loan associations, and individual lenders, demanding the redemption of loans in full. When the indignant homesteaders stormed the gates in protest they were politely directed to the HOLC.

Whereupon the pressure to get to the trough before the vast feed was exhausted, became terrific. If the administrators of the HOLC still had any illusions about staying the flood, these were dispelled by effective blasts from the White House, such as: "If anybody in this country is afraid he's going to lose his house, let him telegraph me." Prodded by enthusiastic mortgagees who turned the screws energetically to get action, the homesteaders telegraphed, screamed, and stampeded.

The net result was that whereas in the first six months the HOLC had stumbled through a mere \$43,000,000 in mortgage loans, a year later it had disbursed more than two billion dollars. And foreclosures jumped to an all-time high of 1000 a day.

II

What was the actual truth of the situation? It rests in the fact that the so-called Emergency of 1933, if it existed at all, was far more serious for the lenders on homes than the borrowers. Every realistic person knows that in the aggregate of foreclosures, cases are extremely rare in which proceedings are instituted out of mere covetousness. Before the advent of the HOLC, the average foreclosure was palpably deserved; it was not the choice of the mortgagee, but rather a prime necessity to protect an investment. Certainly, in a frozen market, no man—not even a grasping money-lender—would willfully incur the responsibility of acquiring real estate through expensive legal proceedings. An unbiased survey of the situation during the Depression, moreover, would have disclosed that mortgagees as a whole were doing everything possible, short of cancelling obligations entirely, to induce home owners to retain their properties. In many cases the mortgagees advanced funds with which to pay taxes and insurance; in numerous others they reduced the interest rate and waived payments on account of principal. In addition, the practice of calling mort-

gages when due was allowed to become well-nigh extinct. But none of these heroic measures could have effect on great numbers of people to whom proprietorship of the homestead during difficult times, and in a stagnant market, had lost all appeal. Many of these people had purchased during prosperity, at excessively big prices and for little cash. The homes were over-mortgaged, and more often than not, they were the fruit of a speculative building era — showy rather than useful. Hence foreclosure, far from being considered a curse by many people, was accepted as a downright boon.

This is the more realistic view of the situation in 1933, when the HOLC came into being, whatever the theorists of those days had in mind. The result was that the HOLC actually provided a vast relief for money-lenders instead of helping out the borrowers. This is perhaps the most extraordinary fact about the whole set-up. Obviously the title of this weird piece of legislation is a misnomer — it should have been called the Home Loaners' Aid Act.

For, by reason of the extraordinary policy of loaning only to applicants in acute distress, it was inevitable that every bad loan and undesirable risk in the United

States should be drawn into the fold. Further, persons who had sensibly abandoned dwellings which were beyond their means, and others who had fled flimsy and over-loaned shacks, were encouraged to cart back their furniture and assume greater obligations by the conviction, widely held, that Uncle Sam would prove to be a complaisant creditor who would never think of dispossessing his nephews. And, as might be expected, as fast as many loans were completed, the borrowers defaulted. "I couldn't keep up my last mortgage; that's why Uncle Sam helped me out. How can he expect me to pay on a new one?" Under the circumstances, it was a valid plea which thousands raised.

The mortgagees, being hard-headed realists, realized at once that the unique lending policy of the Corporation could lead to but one result, namely, ruination of the urban home market. Hence the race to liquidate. It is palpably apparent from developments that even HOLC officials saw the handwriting on the wall. Accordingly, they tossed aside the pretense of being the Good Fairy, and went in seriously for red tape. Under the new set-up, business-like methods were prohibited. With a genius born of desperation they devised a maze

of evasions, vicarious stallings, and deliberately complex obscurities to confound applicants, and leave them to the very fate the law was supposed to prevent. The methods used in the new passion to exclude cannot be cited at length in this short space, but they were not without their humorous aspects. Thus, it was ruled that persons who carried on their businesses in their homes were no longer eligible. This, of course, barred exactly those persons who demonstrated the most visible means of support, and who, consequently, might have been considered good risks by any but a government lending agency. Harassment of applicants became the order of the day, but most triumphant of all were the bizarre financial requirements laid down in an official pronouncement as follows:

(1) The applicant must be financially unable to make payments on his present mortgage and actually be faced with foreclosure or tax sale.

(2) If the applicant or the spouse of the applicant has an income from any source sufficient to pay interest and taxes, or if either spouse has other investments which can be sacrificed to save the home from foreclosure, the applicant is not eligible.

(3) If an applicant has no prospective income and clearly could not repay a loan from the Corporation, he is not eligible. . . .

Truly, these were obstacles to hurdle, and they helped much to sabotage an onerous law by eliminating from the trough all but politicians and financial Houdinis. But, nevertheless, when the HOLC banged shut the till on June 13, 1936, it had in its portfolio over one million mortgages; and, to the tune of over three billion dollars, was the Colossus of the real estate world.

It is axiomatic among lenders that if you loan on mortgage you must at all times be prepared to become a landlord; and indicative of the possible eventuality confronting the HOLC is the fact that in all of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and a half-dozen other large American cities combined, there are not so many owner-occupied homes as are now in Uncle Sam's capacious bag. But the situation is not even comparable with any past experience, for while the ordinary lending agency was always concerned with the good credit rating of its borrowers, and invariably limited loans to not more than from fifty to sixty-five per cent of appraised value, the HOLC, on the contrary, was concerned primarily with the insolvency and unreliability of its applicants, and granted loans up to eighty per cent of total appraisal.

III

It is thus apparent that from any angle, the HOLC is indeed unique. It is increasingly clear, also, despite the rigid censorship, that the inevitable rendezvous with reality is near. The futility of trying to get the facts is illustrated by an interview I had with a high HOLC official. "No, you can't get the dope," he said bluntly—and by way of emphasizing the foolhardiness of my attempt—"even United States senators can't get the dope."

But all foreclosure papers, when they are filed, are necessarily public records, and so it is known that some 70,000 of such have already been authorized. In other words, 70,000 American families are already on the way to being dispossessed by their generous government.

The real cracking down, however, now that the election is over and all votes safely counted for the New Deal, is only beginning. It is believed that foreclosures will eventually approach the five hundred thousand mark. Hence, there impends an era in which Uncle Sam will play the supreme villain, flaunting the auctioneer's flag of distress over the nation's disappearing homes.

The implication in this, aside from the moral issue, already has the real estate market in a dither of apprehension. Certain organizations of financial institutions, for instance, are canvassing their memberships, urgently advising the disposition of holdings at whatever sacrifice. For when hard-hearted Uncle Sam, thoroughly chastened, decides to dump hundreds of thousands of houses on the market, what will happen to the market? To paraphrase one of the blurbs of the HOLC and bring it up to date:

Under the pressure of a flood of foreclosed properties selling at sacrifice prices, property values will fall to continually lower levels, threatening serious and permanent impairment to all real estate equities.

In other words, it will be the first government-induced market crash in history.

Unhappily for America, the dire blow which impends in this instance threatens to descend most harshly upon the very folk who are commonly held to constitute the backbone of the Republic. Thus, for millions of earnest, hard-working Americans who have by reason of endless sacrifices managed to retain their homes through thick and thin, the outlook is anything but cheerful. For, as the reward of their industry, thrift, and

tenaciousness of purpose, they face an additional and staggering burden—the colossal cost of the HOLC blunder. Needless to say, the situation is one which also profoundly concerns all of us; for no nation, no matter how strong, can afford to gamble with the security of its best citizenship in so reckless a fashion.



HUMILITY

BY ROBERT B. READ

SOMETIMES I grow sorry for my hands,
 Fastened as they are to mind. One does not bind
 A flower in its turning; yet here are cells
 Welled up from earth, craving since birth
 Warmth of sun, startle of water,
 And always a wet root digging —
 Here are cells welled up from earth,
 Having a business to transact with wind;
 But tight in glove cased, shoved into pocket,
 Puppet of mind, bent to a stilted scenery.

Sometimes, shot through with stars,
 Burning, sure of a music in me,
 I know it is my real humility
 That I grow sorry for my hands —
 For all taut, crying cells, caught in my person,
 Mad with my tyranny,
 Eager,
 Mad to be rid of me.

JAPAN'S SECRET NAVY

By FLETCHER PRATT

It is about time to say publicly what every naval man has known in private for the last ten years — that the Japanese Navy has been cheating on warship building ever since 1924. The facts are these: the Japanese have constructed 10,000-ton cruisers which are in fact pocket battleships, light cruisers that are in fact 10,000-tonners, destroyers over the naval treaty quotas, and “defensive” submarines which can operate off the Panama Canal from Japan without refuelling.

But let it also be made clear that this statement is not an effort to conjure up a new Yellow Peril. The Japanese have had plenty of reason to distrust Occidental idealism and plenty of provocation for disregarding their commitments. These particulars are merely an explanation of why the American and British admirals were so reluctant to agree at London on that “common upper limit” of naval strength which seemed so reasonable a demand. The official explanation, of course, has been that the

common upper limit would give Japan so decisive a naval superiority in the Western Pacific that America would be unable to maintain her hold on the Philippines and her trade interests in China; and the incontrovertible answer has been that America has no business in the Philippines and her trade interests in China are insignificant. But actually the case is far stronger; the admirals have learned that Japan refuses to be bound by anything that does not suit her convenience, and a naval treaty that accorded parity to Japan would actually mean Japanese naval superiority, not in the Western Pacific, but off the coast of California. And Japanese superiority in these waters is nothing to be contemplated with equanimity by anyone who is aware of the fact that America has given the Orientals causes of grievance which they feel as keenly as they did the Russian theft of Port Arthur.

In the background of the Washington naval reduction conference lay the neglected but important

fact that the British-Japanese naval alliance was up for renewal. That alliance, concluded after the Russian war, was one of Japan's proudest possessions, the evidence that she had arrived at the status of a first-class power. To prove themselves worthy of it, the Japanese had just launched their "eight-

outcome of the conference justified that skepticism. That the four other powers present scrapped ships and halted building made no difference; Japan lost the eight-eight program. The feeling is perhaps best expressed in a listing of warships laid down during the two years following the conference:

	<i>Cruisers</i>	<i>Destroyers</i>	<i>Submarines</i>
United States	None	None	None
England	One	None	None
Japan	Six	Fifteen	Eleven

eight" building program, designed to assure England that they could take care of the United States in the event of a clash aligning the Anglo-Saxon powers on opposite sides. This program produced a topheavy budget in which forty per cent of the national income went for naval armament, and entailed a personal sacrifice by every Japanese. But it did no good. Under pressure from the Pacific Dominions, England broke off the alliance, and simultaneously Secretary Hughes announced his call for a naval parley that would obviously threaten the very existence of the eight-eight program.

Japan thus entered the Washington Conference with intense skepticism of Anglo-Saxon idealism, and a belief that the whole business was an American machination; and the

The Japanese, however, were at least keeping strictly to the letter of the covenant at this time. The eleven submarines were all of the *Ro* class, short-range, defensive vessels. Two of the six cruisers were light ships, mounting 6-inch guns, and the other four, the *Kako* class, were improved copies of the English *Raleighs*, for the benefit of which the cruiser limit in the treaty had been set at 10,000 tons and 8-inch guns.

But this was previous to the year 1924, in which occurred one major and two minor events that changed the whole Japanese attitude. The first was the passage by Congress of the new quota law decreasing the annual number of Japanese immigrants, followed by the tactless note of the Nipponese ambassador promising "grave consequences" if

the law went through, and the explosion of congressional anger in a drastic Exclusion Act so phrased as to carry the inference that the Japanese were an almost sub-human race. It is difficult to convey the impression this made in a country where the mere proposal of such a law would normally be regarded as a pre-war ultimatum. Something faintly resembling the repercussion might be produced if a carpetbag-Negro government should get hold of Georgia and decree that all whites were to wear dog collars.

As though to emphasize the point, an American fleet visited Sydney and reports (untrue but impressive) became current in naval circles that the two new American cruisers would be armed with twelve 8-inch guns, an obvious impossibility on a tonnage of 10,000. This made it all clear to Tokyo; the naval treaty and everything since had been part of an organized effort to reduce Japan to a condition of humiliating inferiority.

The Japanese promptly laid down the four cruisers of the *Nachi* class.

II

Thirteen years after, these remain the most peculiar of all the treaty tin-clads. For every other 10,000-tonner in the world the various sources of naval information give exact tonnages—8750, 9875, 9250, 9890. But these four *Nachis* are listed mysteriously as of 10,000 tons, sometimes with the figures in parentheses. The reason is that they are no more 10,000-tonners than your correspondent is the Crown Prince of Sweden; they were never intended to be 10,000-tonners. They were built to overmatch the Japanese idea of the American cruisers of the same date in every characteristic, meanwhile staying just close enough to the 10,000-ton figure to enable Japanese naval men to put up a plausible case for them. Let us see how the four *Nachis* compare with other cruisers of the same and later date:

	Main battery	Belt armor	Deck armor	Speed	Subdivision	Cruising range
<i>Nachi</i>	10-8" (5 turrets)	3"-4"	5"	33 kts	triple	14,000 miles
<i>Augusta</i> (U.S.)	9-8" (3 turrets)	3"	1"	32 kts	double	14,000 miles
<i>Berwick</i> (England)	8-8" (4 turrets)	none	3"	31.5 kts	triple	10,000 miles

The English have chosen cruising range and subdivision as the most desirable characteristics; the Americans cruising range and armor—but the Japanese have chosen everything. Nor do the figures tell the whole story; the *Nachi's* armor belt is nearly twice as long as that of the *Augusta*, the only other ship that approaches her in this respect. The *Augusta* has saved much weight by mounting her artillery in three-gun turrets. Now a three-gun turret weighs very little more than a two-gun turret; it is not the weight of the gun that counts, but that of the turret itself, its armor, barbette, ammunition hoists, turning gear, and mountings. In obtaining their extra turret (over the *Augusta's*), the British were forced to heavy sacrifices in armor and cruising range. Yet the Japanese managed to add still a fifth turret without making any sacrifices at all, and were able, in addition, to install a strip of steel deck-armor some 600 feet long, 57 feet wide, and four inches thick. The only possible conclusion (if the *Nachi* is really a 10,000-tonner) is that our transpacific friends have discovered the secret of gravity release.

The four *Nachis* were completed in 1928 and 1929, and were greeted with pretty caustic comment in

foreign naval circles. The Japanese made the startling reply that they had saved the necessary weight partly by internal welding (which was used also by the British and Americans) and partly by using the 'tween-decks space for machinery and subdivision, quartering their crews in the pagoda-like structures on deck which are characteristic of Nipponese warships. Startling, because if the statement were true, it merely emphasized the fact they had been cheating; crew quarters below decks require nothing but rooms full of air, whereas the same space will obviously weigh a good deal more when divided by steel partitions and filled with machinery.

Next, four more 10,000-tonners, the *Chokais*, were laid down as the *Nachis* were running their trials. It is possible that somebody spoke to the Japanese about them, for their armor belts appear to be less extensive than the earlier ships. Their tonnage also was officially pronounced as 10,000; that is up to 1934, when a discrepancy was noticed, and the official figures were changed to read 9850 tons. Meanwhile, 1934 also saw the Japanese halting the construction of the *Ro* class submarines for the new *J* class, of which they now have thirty-six, still called "defensive" craft. Yet

these defensive submarines are giants with a radius of action greater than any in the world except one experimental British boat.

The real emergence of Japan, however, as a consistent and energetic violator of naval limitation engagements, dates from the fatuous London Conference of 1931. That treaty left Japan with 51,000 tons of cruisers to be built. She announced that she was putting this tonnage into six 8500-ton cruisers, the *Mogami* class. When these cruisers appeared they turned out to have fifteen 6-inch guns (in five turrets), a speed of thirty-four knots, quite heavy armor belts, and extreme cruising range. Both England and the United States have since launched somewhat similar ships. The English cruisers have two knots less speed than the Japanese (and speed eats up weight faster than any other factor), one less turret, three less guns, and much shorter cruising range — yet they are 9000-ton ships. The American cruisers have the same armament as the Japanese, but also two knots less speed — and they are 10,000-tonners.

It is the same story in destroyers. The London treaty left the Japanese only 29,000 tons to be built. They announced that they were

putting this tonnage into twenty-one ships of 1368 tons each. Yet these 1368-ton destroyers are 35-knotters, mounting five 5-inch guns and eight torpedo tubes, exactly the armament and speed of the new American destroyers at 1500 tons each, while the English 1375-ton ships can find room for only four 4.7-inch guns. It seems impossible to escape the conclusion that the Japanese built the number and size of destroyers they wanted and then arbitrarily announced tonnages to fit the treaty figures.

The same situation exists in the aircraft-carrier category, where the Japanese allowance has been entirely used up. She is building three new 9000-ton "seaplane tenders" which are not subject to treaty restrictions. France has a seaplane tender of almost exactly the same size, but it has been included among her treaty ships as an aircraft carrier, and differs from one only in possessing equipment for picking up seaplanes from the water instead of having a deck for land planes.

All told, it would seem that the Japanese have overlooked only one bet — and that was in refusing to extend the life of the Washington treaty, which act set America also free from restrictions which the Japanese have never observed.

DR. LOCKE'S "CURE" FOR ARTHRITIS

By ROBERT STRUNSKY

THE past five years have witnessed the regeneration of the country doctor. This romantic figure with his legs astride a horse and his stethoscope astride his neck passed out of the picture during the war years. It was not that he outgrew his usefulness so much as that popular knowledge of medicine outgrew him. People started taking pride in the uniqueness and complexity of their afflictions. Actually they were no different than they had ever been, but a great many new terms had been invented, and for every new term there were ten new theories. These were enunciated for the most part by the specialist. There were now a dozen men doing the work that one had done before.

A great deal of this was doubtless justified, although it is generally agreed that most of it was the by-product of a rapidly growing national income. More people could afford to be sick; more people could afford to visit more doctors. A 5,000,000-share day on the Stock Exchange was bound to increase

the heart-beat of a nation. But it was not only trading that did it. It was also the resulting profit and loss. Profit made it possible to go to Vienna, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Berlin. Loss made it easy to go to the nearest window and jump out. Neurasthenia was at its peak. The medicine men were flourishing.

Hard times put the crimp in all that. Like Ichabod Crane, out of the storm and desolation of 1932 came riding the ghost of the country doctor. It appeared that he knew a great deal more than he was given credit for. The fact of the matter was that he once more began to fit the pocket which had grown so large as to lose him in its innermost depths. He emerged friendly, wise, knowing—but mainly cheap. In the intervening years his hand had not lost its cunning nor his tongue its honesty.

Perhaps the greatest impetus given to his rebirth were five infant girls delivered in the town of Callendar, Ontario. It was the most extraordinary medical event in history, and the chief actor in the

drama, besides the mother, was a country doctor. Until the arrival of the Dionne sisters, Dr. Dafoe was nothing more than the local GP whose hair had grown gray and whose pants had become baggy in the service of the district. He seemed to represent the composite portrait of all the country doctors who ever lived. The corners of his eyes crinkled, giving him a warm and fetching appearance; he exuded kindness and competence, and subsequent events amply corroborated this first impression.

But it is curious that almost at the same time, at the opposite end of the same province of Canada, another country doctor was rising to fame and fortune. He was also a GP who for twenty years had been going about prescribing for the stomach ache and the common cold. He was something of a specialist in orthopedics, although foot trouble among the farmers of Dundas County was a minor item in the category of ailments. His name was Mahlon W. Locke.

Locke never got the break that Dafoe did. No client of his gave birth to five identical girls, much as he might have wanted it. His reputation today rests largely on word of mouth. But he is a far wealthier man than Dafoe ever will be, even if the latter should live a hundred

years and if all his patients should give birth to quintuplets, and if they should all be acrobats. For Locke is not only a man of independent wealth; he supports an entire town. If he should suddenly take it into his head to move tomorrow, Williamsburg, Ontario, would be one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The Village

Most people go by car, but you can take a train to a point within six miles of Williamsburg from practically any part of Canada. If you are coming from New York, you get off at Ogdensburg, cross the ferry, and board a bus. It is a pleasant drive on a fair day, through rolling country and farmland, with the great St. Lawrence always on your right. The landscape seems rich and healthy, made up chiefly of truck farms, orchards, and occasional fields of hay, rye, and barley. It has a thriving, prosperous look unlike other sections of the Dominion. The houses are strong and freshly painted, the lawns tidy.

The car makes a left turn on the concrete road that leads to Williamsburg. Here the signs begin. "Locketon Lodge Hotel. 125 Rooms. 50 Baths". "Stop at Lockesley Hall". "Forty-Car Garage for Dr. Locke's Patients". The con-

crete stretches ahead. Four years ago it was a dirt road. The signs continue every 500 yards, stuck in stubble fields and baby pine. "Locketon Lodge Hotel. 125 Rooms. 50 Baths". "Lockehurst Pavilion". "Lockesley Hall". Shades of Tennyson! But the irony, you subsequently learn, is altogether unconscious.

Williamsburg is nothing but a crossroads. Its four corners are filled by a candy store, a general store, a drugstore, and a restaurant. It extends less than a quarter of a mile north, south, east, and west, but in that small area is compressed a congestion of frame houses, tourist cabins, hotels, gift shops, eating places, and a movie. The name of Locke is on everything. Not a dwelling but bears his imprimatur and a sign announcing rooms for occupancy; not a store but advertises some product relating to the chief industry of the town—the care and cure of arthritis. The presence and spirit of Locke dominate the village. He is its sole reason for being, its only support, the source of all its energy.

It is an ugly village. A ramshackle, three-story, unpainted house presses closely upon a string of tourist cabins where a pathetic attempt at cheerfulness has been introduced through the medium of a

frayed little flower garden. The petunias appear undernourished, bent in queer shapes, as if they, too, were afflicted with the disease that pervades everything. A wooden porch awkwardly fronts a red brick house: clapboard, shingle, fieldstone are all jumbled together. Beyond the village proper the landscape falls off into endless fields of stubble, interrupted by an occasional farm. The streets are paved, but the sidewalks dwindle off into dirt road.

The chief hotels are on one street. Locketon Lodge (125 Rooms, 50 Baths) is the largest, built two years ago of brown clapboard, three stories high. It is the newest of the hostleries and was made possible by a loan from Dr. Locke. A string of colored electric bulbs lights up the front lawn at night. A cheap bronze fountain bubbles half-heartedly in the center of a small pool stocked with goldfish which seem to have been spawned out of the moratorium. Leading up to the screened porch is a rubber-covered ramp. It carries a sinister suggestion. Surely the five steps of the stoop are not too difficult to negotiate. But it seems they are, and a ramp had to be installed. Absence of steps is the principal requirement in Locketon Lodge.

The interior of the hotel is a net-

work of mustard-colored composition board. It would be hard to find a more insubstantial material. But perhaps the most alarming feature of the upper rooms is the long coil of two-inch rope fastened to an iron ring embedded in the window sill. Its implications are infinite. Actually it is a fire escape, to be hurled out of the window in case of emergency. You speculate on its efficiency in view of the condition of the people who may have to use it.

Charm, atmosphere, even cleanliness have been sacrificed to convenience. But not to convenience alone. You quickly grow aware of the shrewd hand of economy at work. There is no reason why the bureaus should be chipped, or why the brown enamel should peel from the iron bedsteads; no reason why the tasseled lampshades should be tattered, and the scatter-rugs worn to the core. Two bellboys serve the entire establishment, racing through a labyrinth of winding corridors. The bulletin board in the lobby is posted with announcements of special bus trips, outings at reduced rates; scalp treatments by qualified hairdressers; sales of imported woolens, fine Irish linens, Hudson Bay blankets, old English silver. The conviction settles on you that at one place or another in the

square mile of village, there is on sale virtually anything that money can buy.

Along the northerly intersection, next to a filling station, stands a small stone bungalow. The windows are covered with white muslin curtains, and in one corner a crudely printed placard reads:

MADAM FRASER
CANADAS RENOWNED
SPIRITULIST (*sic*) AND
PSYCHOLOGIST WILL
GIVE INTERVIEWS
AND RELIABLE ADVICE

An ancient Lutheran church is the only building worthy of second glance. It stands back fifty yards in a grove of maple trees, stern, a little forbidding, yet marked by a certain ascetic grace. For the rest, the physical appearance of the village offers little inspiration, and in this respect closely reflects the character of its inhabitants.

The Visitors

In a larger sense there are no natives in Williamsburg; no feeling of an indigenous population with customs, manners, speech, and appearance of its own. Such is the strange aspect of the village that those who have been born there take on the character of those who come for relief and cure. The native population numbers approxi-

mately 300. The visitors number, even at low tide, about 500. At the peak of the Summer season of 1935, there were between 2000 and 2500 strangers in the town every day. Thus the influence of the outlander is redoubtable, and whatever is native to the original community is completely outshadowed. Disease is a great leveler of personality. It has regimented the inhabitants of Williamsburg in the same groove. The sole preoccupation of cab-driver, storekeeper, housewife, is the same as that of the visitor. It can be defined in three words: Locke and arthritis.

In cases where a single personality dominates a town, you can expect to find instances of hostility on the part of the townspeople. There is none in Williamsburg. The natives look upon Locke with the same faith and amazement as the visitors. His success has bred no rancor; his system has occasioned no criticism. It is not only because their livelihood depends on him — it is much more than that. They believe in him with the same blind credulity of the men and women he succors. Most of the natives have themselves gone to him for treatment. A great many have obtained relief.

The world comes to Williamsburg — dark-skinned Hindu doc-

tors from Bombay, Boers from South Africa, people from Hawaii and the Far East. It would be hard to find a place in the two hemispheres that has not sent its inhabitants to the tiny Ontario village. They are all cemented — or rather made rigid — by a common bond, arthritis. It may truly be said of Williamsburg that even the time is out of joint. It is a town of the lame and the halt, a town of twisted feet and crooked arms, of bodies bent into the grotesque shapes of gnarled and ancient trees. Except for the children, who present a strange contrast to the rest of the population, virtually nobody in Williamsburg walks. They all limp or hobble, or are pushed along in wheelchairs. A few travel on stretchers, wasted bodies with muscular systems frozen into immobility by disease. Many of them are young — between twelve and twenty years old. The majority are elderly.

They represent all classes and conditions. High-powered cars mix with Model T Fords. One of the greatest attractions of the cure is the price: one dollar per treatment. Families have pawned all their belongings to bring a stricken member to the village. Others appear with chauffeurs and attendants. The wealthy are usually the over-

flow, making their headquarters in Morrisburg and nearby communities.

The poor fill the tourist cabins and all the available rooming houses. Somehow, all distinctions of class, creed, and color fade immediately upon entering the outskirts of the village. They merge into a conglomerate mass of ailing people. Whatever idiom was theirs before they arrived in Williamsburg, once within the limits of the township they speak the same language, the language of pain and convalescence, of improvement or retrogression. Only the children — that is, the normal healthy children — are a race apart. With that peculiar immunity they seem to possess, they remain separate from the central theme of the village. They play their games, race up and down the streets, dodge in and out of the slow deformed procession of pedestrian traffic. It leaves them altogether untouched — at least for the present. They come to look upon the bent and twisted figures all about them as the normal stature of humanity, not thinking for a split second to identify their own small, supple bodies with the rigidity that surrounds them. The contrast they present throws into relief the tragedy of the rest. Williamsburg, like the Island of Aeaëa,

has its own Circe who casts a spell over all who happen by. He is Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, the pivot around which his famous "circle" swings nearly a hundred times a day.

The Vaccine

If you should expect from all of this to find a modern Svengali, you would be disappointed. The central figure of the scene is a man of ordinary appearance. The chief impression which Dr. Locke conveys is that of bulk. A round head sits squarely upon a powerful pair of shoulders with only the merest division of a neck. It is a Teutonic build, tending toward corpulence. This impression is reinforced by a large, heavy face lined with tiny veins which run like tributaries into a tapering nose. His eyes and hands are the most unusual features about him. The eyes are wide apart, almost almond-shaped. They are slate-blue and penetrating. It is a severe countenance. He rarely smiles. When he does, it seems an effort.

His hands belong to the rest of his body. They also give an impression of bulk. The fingers are short, stubby, and the back of the palm rises in a lump like the hands of a prizefighter. They are extremely powerful without appearing to be

supple. They have acquired this strength through constant exercise and use, for when he is not twisting someone's instep, he is tugging at the reins of one of his prize trotting horses.

The clinic, or "circle" where he does ninety-five per cent of his work, is adjacent to his house, a white, three-story, clapboard structure with a front porch on which are several rocking chairs. It is the best-conditioned house in the village although it is without any pretension. Half the first floor is given over to his office, two small rooms separated by a tiny laboratory stocked with medicines. These are rarely put to use, since the treatment is virtually all external.

From this house early in the morning, sometimes at 6 A.M., Dr. Locke emerges to begin his day's work. If the weather is warm he will appear without a coat, in suspenders, shirt collar open at the neck. He walks to a swivel chair placed in the middle of a raised wooden platform, which has been fenced off with iron piping into lanes, leading, like the spokes of a wheel, to the center of the circle. This consists of fifteen or twenty chairs. They are all filled by the time he is ready to start. The patients, seated in the chairs and seeing him arrive, start unlacing their

shoes. Along each lane other patients are lined up on campstools which they have rented or bought from a nearby concessionaire. The periphery of the circle is the wheelchair brigade, composed of patients who are unable even to hobble.

Many of the patients have been waiting for an hour for the doctor to appear. Some read papers, most talk continuously, describing with great animation the nature of their particular ailments, each little idiosyncrasy, each characteristic which makes their condition, they feel, quite different from all others. When Dr. Locke comes out of his house there is a sudden hush. Hitching up his trousers he walks heavily to the swivel chair. A huge canvas tent, with the side flaps removed, protects the patients from the sun. A battered old cushion is on the swivel chair. Locke is followed by a young woman—his cashier. He sits down, nods good-morning, and starts to work.

A woman puts one foot on his lap. He takes it in his hands, twists the arch, takes the other foot, twists the arch, and turns to the next patient. The woman takes a dollar from her purse and gives it to the cashier who stuffs it in Locke's hip pocket. If he is wearing a coat she puts it in a coat pocket. Then she goes back to the patient, takes her

hand, and gives it a sharp jerk, bending the palm over the wrist. This concludes the treatment. Meanwhile Locke has proceeded to the next patient. He twists the instep of the left foot, then the right foot, and passes to the next case.

Each treatment takes a maximum of twenty seconds. Locke rarely opens his mouth. Twist — jerk — twist — jerk. The dollar changes hands and is stuffed into the pocket. A patient asks him a question. He answers it briefly and impersonally. A patient locates the pain for him. He gives the arch an extra twist. In six minutes he has completed the circle and starts around again, never uttering more than a dozen words to anyone, never moving from his chair, his face a mask of severity, cold, taut, with a fixed expression. The dollars keep jamming in his pocket.

After three-quarters of an hour he leaves the circle and enters his house for a "breather", and also to unload the currency. Each patient, upon being treated, leaves his chair and makes room for another. The flow is uninterrupted. The line of campstools is endless.

A stricken patient is pushed into the circle on a wheelchair. Locke manipulates the feet in the same way. A male attendant suddenly appears, lifts the patient half out of

the chair while Locke presses the knees and squeezes the hips. The patient is lowered back into the wheelchair, often moaning audibly. Locke's face remains expressionless. The dollar is pushed into his pocket. The silence is unbroken, and the treatment goes on. Twist — jerk — twist — jerk.

Locke's trade reached its peak in the Summer of 1935. He was treating nearly 2000 people a day, starting work at 4 o'clock in the morning and not quitting until 11 at night.

Inside the home, his wife, a round, comfortable, clear-eyed woman, is usually to be found in the kitchen. She is more affable than her husband, much less tired. From her you learn that the doctor is a devoted family man whose chief concern is the welfare of his three children. His hobby is a stable of trotting horses and a few Percheron mares. Also his farms. Locke owns a couple of thousand acres of farmland in the neighborhood. Several of the farms he operates himself; others he has given to impoverished tenants. Each night after work he drives among his farms, supervising, observing, fraternizing with his beneficiaries.

He is clearly the largest real estate owner in the village. His interests include the two principal

hotels, Locketon Lodge and Lockehurst Pavilion. One door east of his clinic is Gilhooly's store, which sells the M. W. Locke Shoe for \$11 a pair. This shoe is advertised as having been designed by Dr. Locke. Nearly all the natives wear them, as well as hundreds of patients. He is cautious about recommending them too extensively. It might smack of commercialism, but the percentage of people who leave the village in or with a pair of Dr. Locke's shoes is substantial. They are also sold at Macy's in New York City, and are manufactured exclusively by the Lockewedge Shoe Corporation of Columbus, Ohio.

He rules over Williamsburg as a benevolent despot. There was a time when the villagers decided to exploit the visitors by raising lodging rates. Locke put his foot down, threatening to move out of town if they failed to reduce rents to a reasonable level (\$1 a day, European plan). The rates came down like a ton of bricks. You are constantly hearing about his democracy. Rich and poor alike receive the same consideration, taking their places in line, awaiting their turn for treatment. His wealthier patients offer him large sums, but he is said to reject them all.

The story is told that a famous

American millionaire arrived with a retinue of valets at Williamsburg. One of them entered Locke's office, demanded a private treatment immediately for the great man. Locke told him there was no such thing as a private treatment.

"But perhaps you don't understand who Mr. —— is?" said the valet.

"Who is he?" said Locke.

"Mr. —— is a millionaire," said the valet.

"Tell him that I'm a millionaire, too," said Locke, and turned away.

What theory does he base his work on? It is explained in a pamphlet of questions and answers, selling for twenty-five cents on the premises. Here are a few sample questions:

Fallen or improperly placed arches result in pressure on the posterior tibial nerve which ends in the foot. This pressure sets up a complicated series of nerve irritations, interfering with blood circulation, and eventually affects the muscles, tendons, and joints.

Q. How does he remedy this condition?

A. By gradual rebuilding of the arch, removing pressure on the nerve.

Q. Is it good form to speak to your neighbor in line?

A. Indeed. The atmosphere is highly informal. Get acquainted.

Q. Shall I tell Dr. Locke what my family doctor said?

A. No.

Q. Does Dr. Locke treat cases of infantile paralysis?

A. Yes. Some cases.

Q. What has been his experience in such cases?

A. In cases where the nerves are not dead and the muscles have not reached an advanced state of atrophy, Dr. Locke's manipulations have proven very beneficial in restoring the use of limbs.

Q. Why doesn't Dr. Locke move to some large city?

A. Because he prefers to remain in the community in which he was born and in which he has maintained his home and family.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, in response to a query from THE MERCURY, makes the following comment:

As nearly as we can determine from the available evidence, Dr. Mahlon Locke practices the laying on of hands. From the earliest times, it has been recognized that the power of suggestion is enhanced by the laying on of hands. Innumerable healers, using such methods, have come to light, developed a tremendous following, and then disappeared.

You will realize, of course, that the power of suggestion is recognized as having certain definite effects in causing persons suffering from various types of chronic disorders to think that they are feeling better, regardless of whether or not any actual change takes place in their tissues. Arthritis, rheumatism, and various nervous and mental disorders are chronic conditions in which the patients sometimes feel better and sometimes feel worse. Everybody knows that people with rheumatic conditions feel better on a bright, sunny day and worse when the weather is changing. They are

likely to credit each new treatment with recovery, only to relapse some weeks later.

Those who are benefited have much to say about their improvement, but those who have spent their money without profit are likely to be somewhat ashamed and keep very quiet about the way in which they have succumbed to the blandishments of the charlatan. Enough has been learned about the mechanism of the bones and joints, the nerves and blood vessels to make it quite clear that twisting of the foot will not control any type of arthritis.

The peculiar feature of the Mahlon Locke performance is the fact that he says nothing to his patients in the way of diagnosis, leaving entirely to the potency of mob psychology the necessary suggestion as to his ability. Any psychologist will tell you that the pressure of suggestion from the mob is far greater than that of individual suggestion.

The time you spend in Williamsburg is not specified. It depends on the state of your mind and the condition of your pocketbook. You may stay a day, or a Summer, or a whole year, as some do. A total cure is extremely rare. The most to be expected is relief and improvement. The villagers estimate that he has "cured" seventy-five per cent of his patients. But there is no basis for this estimate. Locke keeps no books. He and the Dominion tax office alone know the extent of his "take".

Still the patients come pouring in from all corners of the earth.

Suggest hysteria to them, or faith-healing, and they color with anger. They believe in the organic basis of their illness and in the organic basis of its cure. There is none of the religiosity of Lourdes or Ste.-Anne-de-Beaupré about it. Locke's treatment is regarded as substantial as extracting a tooth or performing an appendectomy.

How Locke himself regards it is hard to discover. His discourse is always full of generalities, technical as it may sound. Yet behind that piercing glance and frozen aspect, an active intelligence is at work. What keeps him going? Is it the pride of success, the satisfaction of assuagement, the ethical consciousness of a high purpose? Or is it the

juggernaut of cash, the sight of the green currency, constantly before him, flashing in the sunlight, filling his pockets, flowing out of purses like newspapers from a printing press?

In action he appears totally unaware of the thousands of dollars changing hands every day. His manner suggests a total lack of interest in the financial side of the system. Is he actually unaware of it, or is it really the animating impulse behind the expressionless mask of gravity he wears, the force that drives his two hands twelve and fourteen hours a day like the pistons of a dynamo, in their interminable rounding of grasping and squeezing?



L'ENVOI

By LOUISE McNEILL

Now, it seems that the Many were very wise,
 And that there was a foolish One. . . .
 Perhaps They sleep while She lives to weep
 For the foolish things She has done. . . .
 But perhaps They sleep while She lives to weep
 And laugh and lie in the sun!

MOSCOW DEMONSTRATION TRIAL

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE fantastic trial and hasty execution recently in Moscow of a group of Old Guard Bolsheviks, among them intimate collaborators of Lenin such as Gregory Zinoviev, Leo Kamenev, and Ivan Smirnov, focused international attention once again upon the Soviet Union's unique contribution to the art of twentieth-century political propaganda: the "Demonstration Trial". This most recent exemplar of such a trial did not, on the whole, measure up to past performances. Historically it may well overshadow all previous Soviet trials and take its place among the greatest courtroom scenes in the annals of mankind, but as contemporary drama it does not compare with the Shakhty trial in 1928, the Ramzin affair in 1930, the Metro-Vickers melodrama in 1933, and half a dozen other Moscow performances. The sputtering Jupiter lights, the sound-film apparatus, the radio microphones, were missing. In fact, the whole show was compressed into a few turbulent days of confessional instead of the

weeks of cumulative excitement enjoyed by the populace on prior occasions.

The rest of the stage effects, however, were fairly standard: a hail of carbon-copy resolutions demanding Death to the Traitors, the baying of an unleashed press, and that terrifying sense of intrigue and mysterious pressure looming darkly behind the architecture of the exhibition itself. Indeed, the omission of some of the routine tricks of Soviet ballyhoo was in itself a trick of showmanship, a calculated toning down of pitch intended to reduce those accused of political terrorism to the level of cheap banditry.

Though it was the latest in a long series of demonstration trials, many of them reported by foreign correspondents in vast detail, the outside world today is no nearer an understanding of such weird proceedings than before. It stared without comprehension at the bizarre spectacle of the founders of a new nation willingly, even enthusiastically, besmirching their

own names in that nation's history, glorifying the *Führer* whom they admitted having schemed for years to assassinate, and failing so much as to defend their motives.

The bewilderment of foreign on-lookers, whether on the scene or thousands of miles away, also was standard. Every one of these demonstration tribunals, with its fancy rigamarole of confession and contrite capitulation of enemies to the infallible revolution, leaves the outside world baffled. The reason is patent. The outside world's understanding of this Soviet phenomenon is confined to orthodox notions of judicial procedure. Because the general forms and the terminology of the Moscow pageants are drawn from ordinary courts, we tend to condemn or justify the Demonstration Trial by reference to court actions in our own experience. In other words, we persist in rationalizing it in terms of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence rather than in terms of propaganda theater.

In actuality, the resemblance between a Moscow show trial and the garden variety does not go beyond surface analogies and the use of such words as court, judge, prosecutor, evidence. Justice in the common sense of the word — the effort to ascertain guilt or innocence —

has no place in the picture; the guilt of the accused has been announced, denounced, and taken for granted in advance; some of his confederates may even have been condemned or executed before the public hearing begins. The purpose of the trial is simply to *dramatize* that guilt as effectively as possible, in order that its significance may be emphasized to the public at home and abroad.

Only when the Demonstration Trial is stripped of its misleading legal nomenclature does it become comprehensible and even defensible. To attack it as "unfair" is absurd, for its explicit purpose is not fairness or justice but impressive exemplification of some official Kremlin truth. Criticism on ethical grounds is beside the point: the flaws are not failures of justice but mishaps in technique. The procedure is in fact a sort of morality play, unwinding to a known end and teaching a known lesson. Every actor in it has an assigned role and has been selected because of his special aptitude for that role. He is not merely defendant Ivanov, but a symbol of the Sabotaging Intelligentsia defeated and prostrate at the feet of the Revolution. He is not merely prosecutor Krylenko, but Revolutionary Vengeance brandishing the Sword of History.

In this conception of the Demonstration Trial as well-rehearsed theater lies the clue to much that puzzles the outsider. There were no surprises in the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial—all of it unreeled precisely as set forth in the Act of Accusation and sketched in the press. The only mystery is how the government succeeded so well in its “casting” for the parts. What are the compulsions or pressures which make Soviet prisoners throw themselves wholeheartedly into the appointed role of spy, saboteur, or terrorist, co-operating with prosecutors and judges, with the press and the audience, to achieve a performance of exactly the kind the government happens to want? What are the mechanics of the demonstration trial?

Only the stage directors and the appointed victims know the answers—probably not even the archives are entrusted with such secrets. But I have sat through so many of the show trials that I could not help recognizing the obvious characteristics and devices of the most recent *cause célèbre*.

The possibility of psychological quirks which lead men and women to bare their souls in the limelight is not excluded; in reporting such trials, I have often yielded to the temptation of dragging in the

“Russian soul” and “Slav fatalism” in trying to explain eager self-accusations. Some of the defendants seem indeed to blacken their own characters with a masochistic relish. Such perverted natures, however, may be safely assumed to be exceptional. Innocent or guilty, man’s natural impulse is denial or, failing that, a plea of noble if mistaken motives to save a few shreds of self-respect. Hence, the compulsions practiced in Russia are external and irresistible.

Every now and then, a chance remark by a prisoner or a blundering question by the prosecutor in these trials suddenly illumines the mysterious background of grueling interrogation during months or even years, of confinement in which the prisoner’s morale has been gradually weakened until he has become putty in the hands of the GPU. Zinoviev and Kamenev were in prison more than a year and a half before they were brought to trial. Third-degree methods, familiar enough in all police systems, have been carried to an extreme of refined cruelty by the GPU, even in extracting hoarded dollar bills from unwilling Russians; surely there is no reason to doubt that these methods are not invoked in matters of far greater importance. I know of in-

stances when, the third-degree having failed to attain results, the victim's children were tortured before his eyes — a more terrible ordeal for the father than any punishment that could be inflicted on his own body. The system of hostages, too, is more widely used in the USSR than anywhere else in the world. It is actually written into law that the families of soldiers who flee across the frontier are to be punished for his crime. While a famous Soviet author was traveling abroad, his aged father was thrown into jail and held there to guarantee that the famous son would not speak heretically and would return to his native land. A suspicion of counter-revolutionary activities falling on any man normally means the arrest of his closest relatives. How many of the defendants in Demonstration Trials behave as incomprehensibly as they do in order to protect loved ones — wives, children, comrades — can only be surmised; in the Metro-Vickers case, it was an open secret that one of the Englishmen had “confessed” in the hope that a Russian woman close to him would be spared. There is also the practice of bargaining between the State and its prisoners for amenable behavior on the illumined rostrum of the show trial.

Which of these pressures entered into the most recent Moscow show no one except the initiated knows. The supposition that sixteen men — most of them highly intelligent and with personal histories of daring — confessed to heinous crimes without even claiming idealistic motives or extenuating circumstances, is too much of a strain on credulity. All that we do know is that for reasons hidden from the public, they played the roles allotted them in the Soviet morality play.

II

The mechanics of revolutionary justice in the land of the Soviets range from the absolute secrecy of star-chamber proceedings to the opposite extreme of circus spectacles. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a political suspect is accused, condemned, and liquidated behind the closed doors of the GPU. In the hundredth case, as though to balance the accounts, the trial is as glaringly public as all the monopolized resources of press, radio, mass parades, and planned hysteria can make it. Both extremes apply almost exclusively to political crimes. Foreign books eulogizing the new rough-and-tumble proletarian justice have limited themselves to criminal

trials. In Russia, where there are scores of political prisoners for every non-political one, such a limitation reduces these books to gibberish. Gushing articles about the humaneness of Soviet penology based on visits to a few model prisons and juvenile reformatories are obscene nonsense when they ignore the medieval, verminous "isolators" and concentration camps where hundreds of thousands of "politicals" are confined.

I do not believe I am exaggerating when I call the Demonstration Trial the Soviets' own contribution to the art of political propaganda. There have been significant social and political tribunals before to serve the needs of some class or government, but they have always differed from the Soviet product in essential respects. They were either accidental or the spontaneous product of events. No one intended that the trials of Jesus Christ or Dreyfus or Sacco and Vanzetti should become *causes célèbres*; it was the ardor of their advocates that catapulted the defendants later into martyrdom. The French Committees of Public Safety during the Terror did not calmly plan and rehearse the trials of aristocrats to inflame public feeling; the trials, rather, were an expression of that inflamed feeling.

Moreover, in none of the famous trials of history have the accused persons consistently played the prosecution's own game. It has remained for the Soviets to develop the public trial as a purposeful, organized, carefully planned spectacle, in which each participant, including the accused and his defenders, speaks his lines and makes his gestures in an inexorable drama.

No two Russian trials, of course, are exactly alike, but the basic design of all is remarkably similar. In a period of exceptional hardship for the population or for the government, hints are dropped that the heroic guardians of the revolution, the GPU storm-troopers, have uncovered the culprits responsible for the current trouble. A formal announcement of the arrests and impending trial follows. Then comes a period of emotional preparation, weeks or months as the case may be, during which all the gigantic instrumentalities of official ballyhoo are swung into action to whip up indignation in an apathetic population. The official shouting and obedient parading are at their height on the day the trial begins. An exaggerated pretense of safeguarding the court and prisoners is made, as though an army of counter-revolutionists were ready

to wrest the culprits from the law; these vast precautions always have a comic-opera quality as a setting for the belly-crawling that follows. The solemn ceremonial of judges, accusers, and defenders turns out to be little more than a sacrament of confession and mutual accusation, with the prisoners and their counsel overbidding the prosecution in establishing the fact of guilt. Finally comes the formal condemnation. For a few days perhaps the popular interest is kept alive with editorial oxygen, then it expires.

At the risk of seeming a little pedantic, I would list the chief characteristics of the demonstration trial as I have seen it during six years, as follows:

1. *It is a spectacle dictated and controlled from above rather than forced from below.* Not one of the trials was the result of a popular explosion of hatred; on the contrary, the popular explosions were the hoped-for consequence of the trials—and often proved to be duds. Whether the Soviet regime decides to shoot a group of men first and publish their confessions afterwards or *vice versa* is something the government alone decides, in line with the political needs of the moment.

2. *The guilt of the accused in a*

Demonstration Trial is never the chief or even an important issue. Doubt on that score may exist in the recesses of the public mind, but not a trace of it is allowed to remain on the surface. "Death to the traitors!" is the shout taken up before the trial opens, and it continues regardless of what transpires in the courtroom. The country watches the trial unfold to an inevitable climax, just as a bullfight crowd waits for the inevitable killing. It is only the uninitiated spectator, new to the sport, who imagines that the bull has a chance to escape.

3. *The prisoners brought to trial are always a handful carefully selected from a larger number arrested on the same charge.* Much of the mystery with which these trials are invested for the outside world evaporates when one realizes that the accused men and women are hand-picked specimens, painstakingly sorted out from among hundreds or even thousands of their kind. Had they been headstrong or unduly self-respecting or unamenable to management, they would never have qualified for the limelight. They were chosen because of their special inclination or talent for the confessional rites, or because they reacted to pressure satisfactorily.

In the famous Shakhty trial, fifty-one prisoners were brought into court, but it was common knowledge that many times that number had been arrested in the coal industry. Occasionally during the trial, some culprit was hauled into the spotlight from a cell in the GPU prison, said what was required, and was returned to his cell. On the basis of his own testimony, he should have been in the prisoners' dock, but for good reasons the Kremlin kept him separate. In the Ramzin trial, the cast was smaller — only eight. According to the government's own statement, at least 2000 were under arrest. Instead of eight, it might have exhibited eighty or 800. Certainly the eight were not singled out because of their leadership in the plotting; among them were small fry like Sitnin and Ochkin, while outside the courtroom, in the GPU prisons, were men like Professor Osadchi, vice-chairman of the State Planning Commission (*Gosplan*) and strategically the most important figure in the supposed plot.

4. *The principal evidence, usually the only evidence, consists of confessions and mutual accusations.* In vain I have waited during show trials for corroboration of an impersonal documentary type. The cases begin and end with eager ad-

missions by defendants for themselves and even more eager admissions for their fellows. Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence sensibly does not accept confession as in itself conclusive proof of guilt. But to the uncritical spectator, it seems the most convincing of all proofs, and for exhibition purposes in Russia it suits perfectly.

5. *Despite the semblance of a defense, there is never a genuine effort by counsel to protect the accused, except when the government itself desires to exculpate someone.* Watching any such Demonstration Trial day after day, I could not help thinking how easily a half-competent American trial lawyer could tear down the whole structure of so-called evidence. In the Ramzin trial, for instance, there had been several glaring mistakes in staging. Two of the supposed plotters — one of them, Riabushinsky, allegedly slated for premiership in a projected counter-revolutionary government — were dead and buried before the plot was hatched. Col. T. E. Lawrence of Arabian fame had not even been in England when one of the accused men confessed to having negotiated there with him. But the defendants, lawyers, judges, and press pretended not to notice the errors and the

performance rolled on without interruption. The chief concern of the defense counsel, usually men of the pre-revolutionary generation, is to prove that they are every bit as patriotic as the prosecutor and no less anxious to root out evil. A misguided attempt to put up a genuine defense is unthinkable; it would instantly stamp the foolhardy lawyer as a counter-revolutionary with a taste for martyrdom.

6. *The final disposition of the prisoners, regardless of what the formal verdict may be, remains a mystery.* That there is no *habeas corpus* under dictatorship is generally known; fewer people know that there is not even *habeas cadaver*. The Soviet State does not deliver up the bodies of men and women it executes, and the gruesome possibility that a condemned man whose execution was announced may still be alive (as part of a bargain or for some other reason) remains to torture his relatives. In the great majority of cases, no doubt, the firing squad does its work. But the baffling margin of doubt is rarely wiped out.

III

The Demonstration Trial built around Zinoviev, Kamenev, and fourteen other alleged conspirators

ran true to form. No one had clamored for the blood of these supposed confederates of Leon Trotsky. The chief defendants had been in prison since 1934. The Kremlin might have let them rot there, or it might have disposed of them quietly as it does with so many others. It decided, however, to bring them into the limelight of a Demonstration Trial for political reasons in no wise connected with justice. Was it to divert attention from the civil war in Spain? Or to stem the tide of anti-Stalin sentiment in Communist movements abroad? Or to generate an atmosphere propitious for smothering revolutionary rumblings in the Communist ranks at home? Whatever the reason, it was the Kremlin which decided to hold a trial to accomplish specific purposes.

The guilt of all sixteen was never left open to doubt, having been established through the press and other channels in advance. If that were all that were needed to be proved, there was no necessity for a trial. The need obviously was to *dramatize* that guilt through cringing, self-abasing, humiliated creatures: a piece of propagandist pageantry only vaguely related to the ordinary purposes of an ordinary courtroom.

The sixteen tried, it is evident

from the testimony, were only a handful out of hundreds, perhaps thousands, taken into custody. Their selection was clearly not haphazard. Had the government had the faintest doubt that the sixteen would behave as they did — defiling themselves and exalting Stalin — it would not have brought them within earshot of the world. Instead of sixteen, there would then have been only three or four. Others might have been in the prisoners' box: Tomskey perhaps, or Muralov, Sokolnikov, Rakovsky, etc. Did these latter hold out against all pressure? Did the Kremlin fear they might use the trial as a platform from which to speak some truths, as Bolsheviks

once did under the Czar? I do not know. That the sixteen were cast with an exact knowledge of their fitness for their roles, and allowed behind the footlights only after meticulous rehearsal, is self-evident.

Except for confession and mutual self-accusation, there was no real, objective evidence, not one unimpeachable document, not one witness above fear of the GPU. There was, of course, no defense. Every participant co-operated to fortify the State's story. And whether all sixteen have been executed as officially announced, is, to say the least, open to doubt. Only the executioners have seen the bodies.



DEBUNKING THE GAME OF BRIDGE

BY F. DUDLEY COURTENAY

A PACK of fifty-two playing cards can be distributed into 53,644,737,488,792,839,237,440,000 combinations, but even this astronomical figure is somewhat less than the total of misrepresentations now in circulation concerning the game of Contract Bridge. In fact, there is no other popular pastime that is so clouded with exaggerations, deceptions, and fraudulent claims. I would like to clear up as many of these misrepresentations as possible, for the sound reason that from my viewpoint, bridge is a staple, honorable business, and from the public viewpoint, the game should be a pleasant social diversion, free from the suspicion that Barnum was right and that bridge, in the professional sense, is a racket.

As president of a national bridge association, I am in touch with every phase of Contract activity, and I can assure you that to explode all the untrue stories about the bridge business would require a full-sized volume. Lacking such space, I propose to concentrate on six of the most popular miscon-

ceptions, which are as follows:

1. That there are fifteen million (twenty million) (thirty million) bridge players in the Republic.

2. That some professional players win \$50,000 (\$100,000) (\$150,000) per year at the bridge table and regularly play for \$1 (\$5) (\$10) a point.

3. That bridge authorities make millions of dollars teaching bridge, writing books, lecturing, or answering foolish questions.

4. That a certain man (team-of-four) (pair) is (are) the "greatest player (s) in the world".

5. That a bridge expert is a suave, calculating genius whose ability far exceeds that of ordinary mortals.

6. That it is absolutely imperative to master and use from one to a dozen complicated bidding theories in order to play sound bridge.

An unprejudiced study of the foregoing credo proves it to be a veritable masterpiece of inaccuracy. Let us consider the real facts, recorded here, I believe, for the first time.

1. *There are fifteen million (twenty million) (thirty million) bridge players in the Republic.*

per year at the bridge table and regularly play for \$1 (\$5) (\$10) a point.

Actually, there are about four million bridge players in America — a very respectable total which needs no exaggeration. The estimate is based on the number of bridge cards sold per annum, divided by the average number of decks used per family. Compare this, if you please, to the one million golfers, one hundred thousand registered chess players, and three million tennis players. The card game next in popularity to bridge is pinochle, which is substantially confined to cities and towns with a preponderantly German or German-Jewish population. Player statistics are unavailable, but a reasonable estimate can be made from the sale of pinochle decks, which is only a fractional percentage of those used in bridge, somewhere in the ratio of 1 to 50. It might also surprise many to learn that thirty-five per cent of all American bridge addicts still play Auction. The percentage is rapidly decreasing, however, and is largely confined to country towns.

2. *Some professional players win \$50,000 (\$100,000) (\$150,000)*

As to the earnings of professional bridge players, any expert will answer truthfully, albeit sadly, unless he happens to be one of those who wish to convey the impression that they are very Big Shots indeed. Any player who thinks he can earn a decent income by gambling at bridge is a fit subject for my definition of an expert — “an unbalanced mentality superimposed on a misspent life”. As the margin of superiority of a top-ranking expert over the sort of player who would be willing to play against him regularly is less than ten per cent, the expert would have to locate a lot of suckers to win room and board in a second-rate hotel. View the problem in the light of mathematics: assume that the expert is ten per cent better than everyone he plays with — which is not true; assume that he can enter a game at one cent a point every afternoon and every evening throughout the year, which would be difficult. The average rubber is 800 points net, so the expert’s margin of superiority is eighty points per rubber. Playing ten rubbers a day (day in and day out), he nets 800 points, or \$8. Not many millions in that, are there?

As a matter of fact, bridge is the most innocuous gambling game of all. Card sharpers avoid it like the plague. They may introduce themselves through the medium of bridge, but they will inevitably steer a player into some other game before the dirty work begins. Walk into Crockford's, the Cavendish, or the Knickerbocker Whist Clubs, to name three large organizations in New York, and you will find many of the leading experts playing in the regular games for one-half to two and one-half cents a point. Whisper that you would like a ten-cent set game and you would have a waiting list of experts painfully eager to accommodate you.

3. *Bridge authorities make millions of dollars teaching bridge, writing books, lecturing, or answering foolish questions.*

To those on the inside of the business, the belief that bridge authorities earn millions is both astonishing and humorous. If such profits have been, or can be made, it is high time that Uncle Sam's income tax experts took an interest in the industry. The subject, however, is an important one, because the stories about large profits have attracted the attention of (a) man-

ufacturers of bridge gadgets who usually lose heavily in an overcrowded market; (b) embryo instructors who believe that money can be made teaching bridge; and (c) authors of new systems who think they can earn a lush living writing bridge books. But the actual profits obtainable from the promotion of Contract are less than modest upon close examination.

Would you like to know the largest selling, full-size, bridge book in history? It is Milton C. Work's *Auction Bridge Complete*. No one book on Contract has ever approached it, though over 500 volumes have been published in the last two years. Of these, all but half a dozen have lost money.

The sale of bridge accessories is a staple industry, but one of the most highly competitive in America, the only important item being playing cards. This latter business is in the hands of companies which consider bridge merely as an additional outlet for merchandise. Bridge organizations, if they have special departments for accessories, participate in sales, but the trade, if conducted on a small scale, results in losses, not profits. The overhead is too great.

Authorities participate in the profits (if any) from teaching only

through the sales of books and by fees from conventions and certification of teachers. When Contract was in its infancy, many prospective instructors, usually women, decided that teaching offered a lucrative profession. An army of some 3000 became "certified", the most important requirement being that they produce the necessary \$25 for a diploma. Today, thanks to self-teaching books and the realization that teachers sometimes know less than pupils, the profession is practically nonexistent. I will expect not more than 100 professional instructors, who by training, aptitude, and experience, have built up well-earned reputations. They earn from \$2000 to \$4000 a year on the average, with one or two making about twice as much. The rest of the profession attempts to pick up chicken feed, glad to teach for twenty-five or fifty cents an hour. If a contract authority holds a teachers' convention once a year (about all the traffic will stand), he will be lucky to draw an attendance of one hundred, a third of whom will be dead-heads. And the cost of the convention will consume most of the profits. A sad fact, but true.

Just one expert successfully devotes his entire time to the lecture platform, and he makes a mod-

erate income because he has specialized for years in this work. All other lecturers spend any fees they receive for railroad fare and expenses. Hence, count lecturing out as a source of profit. It has gone the way of the bridge teachers.

The whole truth of the matter is that fortunately, if you are a player, or unfortunately, if you are in the business, the game of bridge can be played with a deck of slightly-used cards, original cost twenty-five cents, and a pencil and score pad handed out free of charge by the nearest delicatessen, with a summarized booklet telling you how to play.

4. *A certain man (team-of-four) (pair) is (are) the "greatest player (s) in the world".*

The innate modesty of bridge experts is notorious. Not only will they continue to make such claims as the above, but you will find similar blurbs on books sponsoring three distinct systems by three different authors. The facts are that a team-of-four can claim precedence as a team by a sustained series of victories. The original Four Aces on their record can call this title their own. But no one pair can rightfully claim superiority over a dozen others, and certainly no in-

dividual can qualify as the world's greatest player. Bridge is essentially a partnership game.

The ability to win a major tournament today depends almost entirely on how much time you wish to devote to the business. There are so many hundreds of fine players that any one of them, if teamed with a perfectly matched partner, could win against any field of well-known experts. The 1936 National Tournament at Asbury Park, New Jersey, with its remarkable upsets, is proof of this contention. The joker in the picture is that most of these players are mentally well-balanced and have outside business interests; they are not willing to devote all their waking hours to training with one partner to the exclusion of everything else. Hence, many of the top-ranking experts have virtually ceased playing anything but social bridge. They have wisely adopted some other avocation.

5. *A bridge expert is a suave, calculating genius whose ability far exceeds that of ordinary mortals.*

At a National Tournament, a woman spectator was overheard to remark to her escort: "So these are bridge experts? Well, they look

like bums to me." The remark was unjustified because experts range all the way from well-dressed, normal human beings to loud-mouthed, ill-mannered boors, just as in other businesses, except that the characteristics of the outer fringes are slightly more abnormal. Hence, we have the poseur with the grand manner, who cloaks an inferiority complex behind braggadocio — and gets away with it. We also have the poseur who appears at tournaments unshaven, uncombed, and slightly moth-eaten. Such experts, however, are in the minority.

The average expert is a perfectly normal human who usually has outside business interests. The legal profession seems to have the type of intellect that develops a keen bridge mind. The professional players who have no other visible means of support are merely hangers-on who would be unable to earn \$10 a week at any gainful employment.

6. *It is absolutely imperative to master and use from one to a dozen complicated bidding theories in order to play sound bridge.*

On my desk is a letter from an average social player reading in part as follows:

A fine game has been almost ruined by the complications which have recently been introduced. They have driven me, for one, away from the bridge table. It is no longer a relaxation to play. It becomes practically a career in higher mathematics.

Can it be that someone has blundered? For that player is serving notice on the bridge authorities of America. If an expert can earn a living only by needling the public with marvelous new improvements on his system, introduced before players have had a chance to absorb one-tenth of the previous book, then the time has arrived for the public itself to call a halt.

Today, bidding is standardized to the same extent that an automobile is standardized; that is, anyone can drive almost any automobile, but one owner will attach all kinds of mechanical gadgets to his machine while another will reach the same destination without them. The top-ranking experts do not use trick conventions. They rely on simple inferences and smart deductions from the bidding.

The public, I dare say, is weary of unnecessary changes in systems, made solely to sell books. Its wrath is slowly but surely gathering against the self-constituted authority who says: "Last year, I advocated my new copper-riveted Zilch convention. After careful

test, I find this was a slight error. Now in my *new* book, you will find the silver-plated infallible method of shin-kicking which has won every tournament in the past year."

The finest thing that ever happened for Contract Bridge was the announcement of the International Committee on Bridge Laws that there would be no changes in scoring for at least five years. An even finer thing would be for all amateur players to form an association, without dues, for the sole purpose of subscribing to the following credo:

Contract Bridge is an intellectual and social pastime of tremendous appeal to all classes of people. It can be played with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of recrimination by the adoption of the simple conventions which are now practically standardized throughout the world.

All members of our association will pledge themselves to resist any changes or additions to recognized conventions for a period of at least five years, and the association will adopt a simple code, free of complicated conventions, which can be understood by all bridge players.

Impossible? Well, the smartest players in America are playing bridge with just such an unwritten code. The trouble is that the average player doesn't know it. The ballyhoo artists have him in their clutches.

THE VIRGIN

A Story

BY HANNAH LEES

IT REALLY was good coffee, but it was fun to see him smile at her praise, the pleased abashed smile of a small boy complimented on his dancing, fun to hear him say boastfully, "Oh, it's just as easy to make good coffee as bad."

"Come to breakfast some time," he added, "and I'll teach you." He said it so casually, he was obviously quite used to guests for breakfast.

"I may take you up on that," she heard herself replying almost too eagerly. "There seem to be a lot of things"—things I could learn from you, she was going to say, but that was a little too accurate—so, "domestic virtues I could learn from you," she substituted quickly and then hurried on. "Take that steak. No one but a man would dare cover its rawness with sugar and have faith in the outcome."

There came the smile again. "Household hints from the magazine for men, my good woman."

"I'll subscribe at once. Why, I'd never dare invite you to dinner

after this unless you'd promise to superintend the cooking, and . . ." Her high, slightly breathless voice was rushing on and on, trying to prolong this moment, trying to put off the next moment, waiting, stalling for her laggard courage to gain momentum.

Because here she was, and she liked him so much, and it would be perfectly absurd not to. It was absurd even now to be sitting stiffly this way on the edge of the huge couch talking about cooking. Any other girl, any girl with sense, would probably be stretched out like Manet's *Olympia* looking up at him through half-closed eyelids. But then if it had been any other girl going around with him for the past month, the thing would doubtless be an old but extremely pleasant story. Any other girl would have known how to go about it.

Well, she mocked herself, automatically holding out her cup for just the little more coffee she could

hear her voice requesting, it was no one's fault but her own if she didn't know. The scene was familiar enough; the small rather messy one-room apartment with the big couch and the brilliant hanging behind it—usually the hanging was a Paisley shawl, it was a relief that this time it should be Russian block printing—the big chair, the pipes, the books, the tiny kitchen. The only difference was that this time the dinner had been a little less perfunctory, a little more fun. Her heart warmed to the oddly appealing memory of the tall lean figure in a big white apron bending over the ridiculously small stove, the childish pleasure of the man at discovering they both liked their steak underdone and their coffee black.

Most men gave you ham from the delicatessen around the corner and peas out of cans. The history Ph. D. had, and so had that chemist, and then expected her to melt when twenty minutes later he began telling her her body was made for love. He had been quite right, too, she realized now, and she a fool not to have melted, even though he *smelt of chemicals* and she didn't like him much anyway. Of course that had been the first, the first of how many such times since she had decided that a life of

teaching perfect Southern ladies was intellectually sterile, that she needed the stimulus of teaching at a university and contact with masculine minds. She always grinned at herself when she used that phrase: "Contact with masculine minds." She had never fooled herself for a minute, never tried to really. Yet here she was, here she had been for six whole years, and for all the progress she had made she might as well have stayed at the female college at the fat salary.

As a matter of fact, she thought sardonically, taking little sips of coffee, saying and meaning it, how much she liked the smell of a pipe, as a matter of fact she might almost better have stayed at the female college, what with the tender attentions of the hockey coach and her own gathering sense of ennui. If she had, she might at least know now what love with a lady was like. The thought had been incredible then, of course, incredible and repulsive as any thought connected with physical contact had been repulsive. Then she had said to her sister, telling her about it with a shrill scream of laughter, "It would be bad enough with a man, wouldn't it? But with a woman, good heavens!"

But that had been six years earlier, six years nearer her high

school days during the War when the school principal had talked earnestly to the senior and junior girls before the Liberty Dance that was to send the boys cheering off to war; six years nearer being told with pious relish that the purity of our boys is in your young hands and it is up to every one of you to dance with them sweetly and purely, to send them to the Front finer and better men, not out on the streets hunting for scarlet women.

Six years nearer home that had been too; her father and mother in separate rooms, her father's withdrawn preoccupation with somebody's theory of dynamics, her mother's scorn of sex in books, in conversation, in life, her distaste for anything *animal*. She could hear her mother's dry tones — *one's body!* She had never seen her mother's body, or her father's, or even her sister's for that matter, and no one to this day had ever seen her own. *Wait, my dear, and the right kind of love will come, a love of the spirit like your father's and mine. . . . Cover yourself up, dear; a naked body is disgusting.*

Well, she thought, reluctantly parting with her empty coffee cup, intellectually interested that she should have felt a shock when his fingers deliberately touched hers

in taking it, asking with desperate hope if she mightn't wash the dishes and feeling the old sense of impending doom when he said, smiling down at her, "Waste your time here that way, certainly not." Well, she had danced nicely with her soldier boys, filled every moment a khaki-clad arm was around her with a shrinking dread of the unmentionable things that might be going on under the horrible mysterious male uniform. She had waited too, and kept her body covered, but no marriages either mental, physical, or spiritual had come, none at all.

There hadn't been any men in college, none at least for her, no men at the female college later. And even after she had revolted and made a belated effort toward clothes and parties and men, and after a good deal of agony had found them of a sort, the men who had wanted her hadn't been very attractive and they hadn't wanted her in marriage anyway. Not that that had bothered her at first; she wasn't domestic or maternal, she wasn't even particularly passionate. All she wanted, she had told herself, was attention, fun. Marriage from the domestic aspect seemed like sheer sentimentality and from the physical aspect, simply ludicrous. You could believe

it about cats and dogs, but you couldn't believe it about humans.

But that had been six years ago when she was fresh from the female college, and she had been living ever since in this oddly uninhibited unmoral intellectual world where sleeping with a man was no more shameful and little more to be concealed than dining with him, and where a virgin was nothing more than a facetious term for any unmarried woman. She had used the term lightly about herself and most of her friends, but it had never occurred to anybody to take it literally. Women who could attract men at all, simply weren't virgins. Why should they be?

Why indeed?, she had thought when the idea became familiar to her. And she had tried not to be; over and over again she had tried. But every time something in her, whether it was fear or shame or too keen a sense of the ridiculous or just absurd girlish modesty, something had made her refuse the hurdle. All the other women she knew had affairs that lingered delightfully on, and sometimes even drifted into comfortable marriages. Only she went from man to man, year after year, getting small companionship, small pleasure, and no happiness from any of them. And she was so tired of it,

tired of living alone, eating alone, and going to bed alone.

She used to think that all she wanted was attention. Now she knew that what she wanted was a man. And here, in spite of the wasted years behind her, was a splendid one with taste and tenderness and humor . . . even with manners. It was easy to see how delightful an affair with him could be, even if it never developed into anything else. And if it should. . . .

II

She sat there, still stiffly erect, feeling that the man smoking his pipe across from her, smiling into her eyes with quiet intimacy, represented an almost unbelievable magnanimity on the part of life. She felt grateful and eager to show her appreciation by accepting the gift graciously. If only when it was offered she could accept it graciously. And soon it would be offered. He was tapping out his pipe in the big copper ash tray. Then he was moving restlessly around the room. He would come and drop casually down beside her in a moment, she thought with amused reminiscence. But no, she should have known he would vary it a little.

"Ever see a completely perfect

moon? Come look," he said, standing at the window, holding his hand out to her behind him. She wanted to take it naturally, but a childish surge of bashfulness took her to the other window.

"Oh, lovely," she said, "it must be quite full." He was standing behind her now, his head close.

"Your hair has a different smell from any woman's I've ever been near . . . fresher, a little like a hayfield."

Her body was drawing her against him, and she felt herself pulling stiffly away. "Connoisseur," her voice was nervously, shrilly mocking.

"Well, no," his voice was softly amused, "but after all, I'm thirty-seven. Would you want to be the first woman whose hair I've touched? Would you want me to think I'm the first man who has ever touched yours? I don't. You're much too lovely."

Lovely, she knew she wasn't that. But she did have nice hair and skin and eyes. Probably by Ph.D. standards she was lovely. And he wasn't the first man who had ever touched her hair and called her lovely—not by six or seven—merely the nicest. She wanted to tell him that, and it would have been so easy and natural if only the assumption of ex-

perience implicit in his remark hadn't turned her cold with shame and fear . . . shame at her wasted years, and fear that he might discover them.

He would think there was something queer and unnatural about her, or else he would think that no one had ever wanted her. He would think . . . oh, why couldn't she simply tell him about the soldiers, about her mother and father, her ridiculous modesty and her fright? It must be possible to make him understand. But then the sort of man who would understand would never be standing here close to her, touching her with light sure fingers. Love, most likely, had never been a problem to him. And even if he should understand, he might not want her after he knew.

"It makes me happy just to touch you, dear."

Of course there was always the chance that he would understand. He wanted her now, and virgins were supposed to be desirable . . . but not thirty-three-year-old virgins! That was pretty close to the ludicrousness of being an old maid. Just when did a virgin stop being a virgin and become an old maid?

His arms were compelling. Why shouldn't she just relax? Perhaps he wouldn't mind, perhaps he

wouldn't even know. But he would. You couldn't just relax. It wasn't done that way, apparently, not with all those books about it, not with all those jokes . . . the difference between hearty co-operation and dignified acquiescence . . . mine's pretty hot but she's not smoking . . . the girl with St. Vitus's Dance. No, obviously relaxing wasn't enough, and yet what else could you do the first time? But it shouldn't be the first time . . . not at thirty-three! He would want to laugh. He wouldn't of course—not to her face—but she would feel his amusement. She would know he would be laughing later.

"I felt so alone till I knew you. We can give each other so much happiness."

It was just what most of the others had said, only this time it sounded real. It seemed as if he meant it. She wanted him to mean it. It seemed true.

"Lovely, lovely," his voice was low, his hands a little clumsy with her blouse. She wanted to help him. Why . . . she really wanted him! It had never been this way before. This must be what they called Love.

"Admit that you feel it as much as I do. Please don't be coy now, I couldn't stand it."

God, she wasn't being coy! She just didn't know how not to be. If only . . . oh, with *any* of the others . . . but she hadn't and he would have to know.

"Darling," his voice was urgent. And darling darling every nerve in her was answering back. But how could she?

"Please," she said faintly, "please no." The words were the more sickening in their familiarity because of the newness of her emotion. Her gesture as she pushed him strongly away was familiar too. "Please let me go. It's late."

"You mustn't go," he said, "not now, you can't." But his words only increased her panic.

"I must," she said wildly, "I mustn't stay any longer. It's terribly late, I know."

She was pulling her blouse together, fastening her skirt, looking around for her hat with the wild fright of a cornered rabbit. And he was sitting there on the couch watching her with an awful stillness, not saying anything, not trying any more to stop her.

"Shall I take you home?" he said in an expressionless tone.

At the hurt in his eyes she all but lost her fear and went to him again. But then a fresh surge of fear drowned the tenderness.

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "no

thank you. It's only a few blocks." Her body was sick and weak with fright and shame and longing. "It was a delicious dinner."

"Oh," he said, with a little laugh, "so you liked the dinner?"

"Yes," she repeated miserably, "it was delicious. Good night", and went down the stairs and out into the cool Spring air with a sense of utter hopelessness, because there would never be anyone so splendid again, and even if there should be, it would be more impossible the next year and still more the year

after that and after that and after that.

She wished dully that she had the temperament to commit suicide, but she knew she hadn't. Her steps would carry her right along home to her own white virginal bed, and so they would carry her night after night after night. She tried to smile sardonically at herself, her thoughts, her absurd predicament, but a sob that started at the pit of her stomach and shook itself up through her throat came instead.



IMPROBABLE SHORE

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

HISTORIANS have written how a band
Of Englishmen sailed perilously the dark
And unsurmisable seas in search of land,
As Noah once intrepidly launched the Ark.
Though any gale might crack their masts or slit
Their feeble sails upon that fierce expanse,
Dreaming of far, improbable shores, they quit
Their homeland's tyranny and intolerance.
They sailed, so these historians declare,
And spanned the savage and remorseless sea;
They razed a wilderness, that men might dare
To claim and keep themselves divinely free.
Yet where that shore might be I cannot say,
Knowing of no such men who live today.

STEEL SINGS THE BLUES

BY JAMES STEVENS

JOE HOOKER lives and works in a Midwest steel town. At thirty, he has put in eleven years with one of the great steel companies. Married, the father of three, his home is in a company house. A born machinist, he likes his work. For the past year his earnings have run from \$120 to \$135 per month. He gets cheap industrial group-plan insurance; safety engineers sweat to keep him from hurting himself at work; when he is banged up, a dollar a month provides him with medical and hospital attention; he is compensated for loss of time enforced by injury; company welfare agencies provide him with an athletic field and a gymnasium, a commissary in which he can buy commodities at wholesale prices, and Saturday night movies and parties for his kiddies; he pays \$25 per month rent for a modern five-room house; he is sure of a pension, unless the government knocks it out, when he is sixty; and he has the free services of a company union, which protects his job from the commoner abuses of authority.

These items are stated as simple facts in the situation of one middling steel-worker. They are of course susceptible to opposed interpretations; hence the alignments that are drawing steel-workers toward a great labor war. My own small concern is with the one worker, Joe Hooker, and his personal world. The items cited show that his lot at least is tolerable, if not ideal; that he is far from being an oppressed toiler writhing under the iron heels of money changers and economic royalists.¹ Yet Joe sees himself in this last image. He has a radio-made soul, formed and colored by the weeping walruses among the modern broadcasters of the Uplift. A born man of work, with no temper of revolt in him, Joe would never turn Red. But the pity-peddlers of the ether lanes have drenched and dyed his character blue with misery, grief, and woe about himself.

One time he floats up from a

¹ Since the writing of this elegy, a ten per cent wage increase has been granted by the steel despots, despite the best oratorical objections of the union evangelists.

Fireside Chat as a forlorn Forgotten Man; again, he emerges from a loudspeaker shower of tears with choked sobs for the Social Justice that is denied him; at other hours he comes up with dripping ears from hosing of woe, his heart breaking for plans to Share the Wealth, End Poverty in California, pay off mortgages with greenbacks, and provide old-age pensions of \$1700 per month; and so on and so on. In substance, the Plans look pretty much alike to Joe Hooker. He goes for them because all the Planners pump up his self-pity.

But in the boom years, self-pity seldom watered him. When the Depression first hit Joe Hooker, he was a rugged materialist who lived to make and spend big wages. In that habit he took the hard times as personal material problems, and so he thought to solve them. For example, Joe no longer lay awake at night to argue with himself as to whether the new car should be a Paragon Straight-Eight or an Everyman Six, whether he should buy two new Spring suits or one suit and a light overcoat, whether he should invest in a Summer cottage out at Lovely Lake or put his bonuses into the new parlor suite and radio that Edythe wanted; instead, Joe began to figure on try-

ing low-grade oil and gas in the old car, on carrying his suits to the cut-price cleaner over by the tracks, on beating the butcher by fishing from the mill dock in his off-hours.

Overtime and bonuses, which had run his monthly earnings as high as \$250 per month in the boom years, were his original income loss. Then the regular work-week began to dwindle, fading to twenty hours in 1930, to sixteen in '31. In the Summer of '32 it increased, as motor manufacturers and other large users of steel saw promises of Recovery. But the spurt failed, and in the Winter of 1932-33, Joe had just twelve days of work in three months.

These were great market years for the political brokers who dealt in Tragedy Common. Their ballyhoo came from all quarters: "The ship is on the rocks and sinking fast!" "Civilization is crumbling about our ears, my friends!" "It's time to give America up and call it a day, Comrades!" In every presentation, private industry was the villain of blackest dye, and the man of work and the farmer were heroes pure as driven snow. Slews of plain men began to go around feeling sorry for themselves. The most popular songs were first-person laments, the torch songs,

and blue croons. Tearful tenors and blubbing baritones vied with the political weeping walruses in radio popularity. Men of brawn knuckled their eyes and blew noses without shame in public. All America seemed to be a gushing hydrant of self-pity.

And so Joe Hooker. During the tough times, he had plenty of leisure in which to brood about the general calamity and the hopes held out by the big-hearted Planners. So he became what is called socially-conscious; he emerged from the confines of his workday world and took the larger view, which reflected him heroically. The plain stuff of his private life and immediate problems was obscured, distorted.

His main personal problem was of course unemployment. Joe was not officially one of the unemployed, for he kept title to a job, but for a great part of his time he was unworked and wageless. In the sense of lost work-hours and labor income, there was immensely more unemployment among workers who kept on the payrolls of private industry, the majority division of labor, than among the jobless. And to the mercies of private industry, the villain of the sobbing broadcasts, the major division of unemployment was abandoned.

Thus Joe Hooker was dependent on a cold-blooded corporation for existence during his hard times. Its diabolical executives kept him alive by maintenance work and small contracts that were taken in foreknowledge of loss. The red-ink wages were paid from the corporation's surplus, the sinister hide-out of the Money Changers that is now under bombardment by the tax-gunners of the Uplift. This Joe admits as fact, in somewhat the same terms that I have used. He knows, also, that private industry engineered the recovery of work-hours and labor income for him during the past three years, and that it was mainly paid for from surpluses. The fact is as baldly plain to the steel-worker on the job as the fact that the source of the ingots in the soaking pits is the storage bunkers of limestone, coal, and ore.

It is hard to see precisely what the Uplift and the Planners have done for Joe Hooker during his bad years and in his recovery. In any case, this is a question of interpretation. To stick to Joe Hooker, my main interest is in him as a brawny man of work who sees all within the small circle of his everyday world in a mist of self-pity. In that wet twilight of the soul, plain facts fade out and com-

mon hopes expire; in it Joe Hooker kneels and mourns, ears out like dippers, while he heaves with the cadences of the Voices that promise to lead him through the night, onward and upward to a blinding dawn. So hunkered at the loud-speaker, with eyes awash and bandanna at his nose, he imagines himself as a martyr in a great cause, and he likewise transfigures the invisible leaders that yield him voice. The actual persons of the orators, their bald skulls, bulging bellies, cock eyes, buck teeth, and warts, do not intrude; the humane radio lets him vision them as men like gods who speak from cloud-capped gates.

II

There are, apparently, two Joe Hookers. Within the walls of his shop, where his job demands a strict mind and the application of scientific measures — blueprints, metallurgical specifications, tools, slide-rule, and micrometer — Joe is a rugged materialist. There the blubbering martyr is transformed into a case-hardened machinist.

A good deal like old Bunch Hooker, Joe's great-grandfather, a man of steel who had endured the backbreaking toil of the puddling furnace and squeeze mill of a hun-

dred years ago. In the panic year of 1837, Bunch had pioneered west to Indiana, where general blacksmithing kept him alive. When times improved he backtracked, and settled in Pittsburgh. His line of descendants had followed steel to the present day, all of them keeping above the ranks of common labor, none rising above foremanship. In Joe's possession was a set of daybooks in which Bunch had left a record of his labor. Hearing Joe speak of them, my interest was so great that he invited me to come to his house and look the old daybooks over. Soon after meeting Joe Hooker, the rugged materialist, in his shop, I made the call and had a closeup of Joe Hooker, the blue boy of the Uplift.

Also I met his wife, Edythe, his two older children, Gilbert and Greta, and the baby girl, Frankie Dee. Edythe was a young woman whose spare moments were devoted to the movie universe and its glittering suns. The names of the older children derived from this devotion, while Joe had claimed the privilege of naming the third. His hope was for a boy, and in the christening he planned to honor his favorite great leader of the time. But the baby was a girl, and Joe was heartsick until Edythe thought of working the

name of a popular movie star into one that sopped his disappointment. So the child was called Frankie Dee. She did not seem to mind it, but of course she was yet very young.

A few minutes after I was settled in the living room, Edythe took the children upstairs to bed. Joe slumped in his mohair overstuffed chair and looked after his family with sorrowing eyes.

"It sure as hell takes all the joy outer life to look at my kids and think what a miser'ble world I brought 'em into," Joe sighed. "Wars all over, the Common People ground down at every turn, the Money Changers in the Temples, the Predatory Inter'sts exploitin' the Workers for soulless Profit. I'm one of the Downtrodden, and I never can hope to get on my feet while Profit keeps honest leaders from makin' the world anew. All I can look forward to is Gilbert growin' up to slavery, and Greta and Frankie Dee to be the wives of slaves. I'm givin' my all, heart's blood and sweat and tears, only to raise victims for the Money Changers."

I was so used to such talk from the men who make up the great invisible audience of the Planners that I'd have thought nothing of it now, had it not been for my

talk with Joe in his shop. Puzzling about the two Joe Hookers, I decided that there was no mark of double personality in his case, but that he was a man of two worlds. One was real, a world of work regulated by harsh material facts. The other was a universe of his imagination, one staged for him by the Uplift. In one world he lived. In the other he emoted.

In the Depression months when his labor income was below Relief wages, Joe had paid no rent. As he was an old hand, his company also advanced him money for necessities. In his first year of recovery, Joe repaid those advances without complaint. It was a plain shop transaction, handled without oratory. So he accepted it, as he did the regulations and demands of his job. This last year, with his debts paid and with a labor income that more than met his common needs, Joe had contracted for a new car, radio, and household furnishings. In this he was contributing his surplus income to private industry, and doing it without a thought of inconsistency. Here, again, was business that belonged to his world of reality, and instinctively he kept it apart from the business of the Predatory Interests and the Money Changers in the world that the rise of the radio curtain opened to him.

An official Uplifter was on the air the night I called on Joe. Before we turned to the old-time day-books, Joe fixed himself to drink in the Voice. He sat with bowed head, chin cupped in a huge, soot-grained hand, two knotty fingers standing at attention alongside his cheek. So he received immersion in an emotional appeal which, in substance, was a plea for the thirty-hour week. Knowing that Joe the machinist was looking forward to a press of work that would not only bring his regular week to forty-eight hours but yield him overtime, I marveled for a spell at his devout attention. Then I again thought of him as a man of two worlds: for the rapt listener in the mohair chair, the shop and the machine did not now exist; there was only the Grand Stage of the Uplift, and Joe Hooker was in the center of it, forgotten, friendless, and forlorn, the Money Changers treading him down; while, lo! the gods at the cloud-capped gates sent plumed knights charging to his rescue, the thirty-hour-week a clarion battle cry.

Joe relished it all in such enchantment that he was reluctant to let go his mood when the Voice faded. An orchestra came on.

"Let's listen to the Honeysuckle Hour for a spell," Joe sighed, as

the fiddles and horns tootled dreamily. "Somehow it's the only kind of music I like in these here times that tries men's souls. It sorter softens the grief, which I never can at all forget."

We sat on there, the lamps off, the music of the Honeysuckers siruping through the clouding twilight. Once Joe murmured: "Now there's a song that tells it all."

A crooner was choking out the chorus of a lament that was popular at the time—*Why Was I Born?* As the crooner of the Honeysuckers sobbed the woeful lay, and I saw the bull frame of Joe Hooker quivering in response, something inside me seemed to turn over and a pale-green haze tinged the twilight. When Joe again sighed that *Why Was I Born?* sure did tell it all, I wanted to state my opinion that it would gag a goat.

III

I was glad to escape from the popular Honeysuckers by musing back thirty-two years, to my first Summer as a child laborer. That time I served a railroad extra gang—"gandy-dancers" the men called themselves—as water boy. Among those laborers any display of self-pity was unmanly weakness. Pride

of muscle and pride of skill were their prime movers, off the job and on. Their tools were not only implements of work but badges of manhood. Labor was not simply the main economic factor of their existence, but an adventure, a romance, an art, sometimes a religion. Particularly was this so in frontier industry, where men of work made lusty legends and stout songs out of their poorly paid drudgery. Songs in which grim death would be reduced to a minor figure amid the materials and tools of one man's job, as in *The Dying King Snipe*, which my gandy-dancers used to bawl forth from the bunk-cars:

"Give my respects to the Roadmaster!"

Old Larry he did cry.

"And lift me up, so I can see

The old handcar afore I die.

Then lay the spike maul on me chest,

The gauge and the old claw bar;

And while the byes do be fillin' up
the grave,

Ah, Jerry, go and ile that car-r-r!"

Legends like the Paul Bunyan stories of the loggers, in which they prodigiously glorified their labor, and themselves as mighty men of muscle. The laborers who showed me how to work and like it in my boyhood would no more have allowed themselves to be staged as Forgotten Men, as sorry,

beaten, begging specimens of humanity, than the plain Americans who helled out on frosted feet to run the pants off the Hessians would have allowed it. Theirs was a ruling tradition of individual resistance to oppression that took form in the battle cry of the Ring-Tailed Roarer:

"Me, I'm a curly wolf from the tall and uncut; I'm a sawtoothed hodag with bark on him; I eat hay, if it's got whisky on it; I howl in my sleep! Look out for *me*! I draw me a line and dast any three men to come to taw! I pack a chip on my shoulder and dast any *five* men to try and knock it off! For know ye all, I'm a free-born American, white and twenty-one, and I can look any man alive straight in the eye and tell him to go to hell!"

The ring-tailed roar may sound simple-minded to the modern machine-worker; but it does reflect an exuberant spirit of independence; it signifies, O Ichabod, the lustiest life that plain men have ever lived upon this planet.

So I mused as the lights in Joe Hooker's living room came on and the radio went dumb, thank God. Then, crooning *Why Was I Born?* to himself, Joe fetched out Bunch Hooker's old daybooks.

There were few of the simple

entries that extended beyond a record of days worked and wages received. But it needed little imagination to evoke from them a revelation of backbreaking labor with primitive tools for the mere means of existence without security. The record of the pioneering adventure in the panic of '37 was set down in more detail. Bunch seldom got money in pay for his blacksmithing in frontier Indiana, and when he did it was likely to be in wildcat bank notes. In his spare time at home he toiled to make chairs, build a loom, mold cooking kettles, and contrive a grist mill. His big days were the ones in which meal was first ground, in which he achieved the luxury of a pair of home-woven pants. Every item reflected an existence that made the life of a modern man of work on dole wages appear in kingly style; imaged hardships of common life that made Joe Hooker and me seem to be enjoying utopian security and luxury; and even the Pittsburgh daybooks of Bunch Hooker's better years revealed a grind of toil and meager living

that left me tired just from contemplation.

But there was not a page that revealed self-pity. The spirit of it all was unpretentious fortitude before life as Bunch Hooker faced it, simple hope in plain opportunity, manly pride, and self-reliance.

I know better than to remind Joe Hooker how well off he is, even in his worst years, in comparison with Bunch, whose homespun pants represented some 300 hours of hard labor in their total cost. Joe Hooker is entirely soaked in the "river of sentiment", as John L. Lewis calls it, that heaves through the men of steel in a saline flood. By day he is a man, but when night broods down, while Edythe dreams through the fan-magazine serial, "Secret Loves of Famous Stars," while Greta, Gilbert, and Frankie Dee Hooker sleep innocently amid a crumbling civilization, then Joe twiddles knobs until he may dip an ear into a voice that echoes the "Woe! Woe!" of Jeremiah. Then he is not a man but a Follower. Then the weeping walruses have him securely in tow.



WIVES

BY RUTH PURDY

I. Doctor's Wife

SHE studies you with a clinical gaze
As if you were a microbe on a slide,
Or as if she knew you had some malignant disease
With an unmentionable name,
That the ambulance was coming for you shortly
And you would never leave the hospital
Alive.
But wild horses cannot drag from her
What ails you.
Remember Hippocrates!
She has to explore you with her probe
Because her husband treats her as a case-history,
Discounting her headaches,
Rationalizing her worries,
Diagnosing her tears,
And psychoanalyzing her sex appeal.
But all her life she will never be sure
If he learned *all* he knows about women
At the medical school.

II. Big Executive's Wife

She doesn't simply say to the cook,
"Your coffee is frightful."
She goes into conference on The Breakfast Situation.
She interviews the paper boy
About a penny overcharge,
Gives an audience to the butcher,

Takes as long to call the plumber
As the plumber does to come.
The daily grocery order is an event,
Its listing — an ordeal, its delivery — drama,
And after making plans for the week-end
She collapses and sends for the doctor.
She never drops in for tea
But, when invited, consults her calendar
Even when she knows it is blank,
And if she comes — overdresses.
Her husband's importance etches lines in her face,
Paints gray in her hair.
She never laughs.
Life is too serious, and she is too busy
Being a Yes-woman to a No-man.

III. Professor's Wife

She is a jewel, with many facets,
In his crown.
She gives the cues — he plays the roles.
She is his stooge at dinner parties,
The claque which starts the applause
For his jokes,
An appreciative pupil when Youth deserts him
And a wife again, hiding green eyes,
When his class is blonde and blue-eyed
And sits at his feet.
She pours oil on his wounds
Pretending they are decorations,
Directs the spotlight, like a magician's helper
(except for the tights)
To his baggy London tweeds, Dunhill pipe, green felt bag —
All the properties of his act.
She builds him up
And puts him across.

Protagoras taught that nothing could exist
Were there no eye to see, no ear to hear.
If the professor hadn't a wife
Would there be any professor?

IV. City Wife

"What is the parade about?"
Asked the little boy.
"It's not a parade," I said.
"It's only the New York women
Starting out about noon to go shopping
Down Fifth Avenue."
"What a funny uniform they wear!"
"That's not a uniform," I said.
"It's their clothes.
They'd be afraid
If they were different."
"Are they sisters?" asked the little boy.
"No, they just look alike
Because they have their hair cast in the same mold,
Paint all their mouths one color,
Walk, if you call it that, alike,
Use the same voice, the same words."
"But how can a little boy,"
He asked,
"Tell which is his mother?"



THE CARDIFF GIANT

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

IN the Fall of 1866, an obscure tobacconist at Binghamton, New York, sat arguing with a Methodist revivalist on certain subjects in the Bible which seemed to the worldly man to be outside the pale of plausibility. The tobacconist was a skeptic in religious matters, but he was at a disadvantage with the minister whose method was to quote one passage after another in proof of controverted points.

But that night the cut-plug philosopher lay awake, pondering the gullibility of most persons in matters wherein the Bible could be cited as proof. One thing rankled particularly. When the shopkeeper had doubted a certain Herculean feat in the Old Testament, the minister, a Rev. Mr. Turk, with expert hand riffled the pages to Genesis VI, 4, and triumphantly quoted: "There were giants in the earth in those days." The itinerant minister unconsciously had supplied the Scriptural text for a strange parable that was to come to life in New York State a few years later.

Just north of Binghamton is a pleasant valley with a typical American population of New England ancestry — unexcitable, credulous, and honest. One William C. Newell was perhaps as typical as any. He lived on a small farm near the village of Cardiff, population 220. Newell was an industrious, sober, family man of about thirty-five. He lived in a modest house and worked hard to support his family of six.

On October 16, 1869, Newell decided to dig a well on his farm, and engaged two neighbors, Gideon Emmons and Henry Nichols, for the digging. Newell himself selected the site after deliberation on such metaphysical matters as the phase of the moon and the divining of a witch-hazel sapling. "Dig here," said Newell finally, indicating a gravelly spot near a creek bed. Messrs. Emmons and Nichols spat on their hands and bent to their shovels. When they had gone down about three feet, Nichols' shovel struck a stone. It was not unexpected. The procedure was to dig

around such stones and pry them up. But this appeared to be a hefty boulder indeed. More dirt was thrown out and — by what Nichols referred to as the Great Horned Spoon — the stone was a huge, darkened human foot! Nor did it stop at the foot. As the dirt flew, the leg and then a torso emerged.

"Jerusalem, Nichols, it's a big Injun!" shouted the perspiring Emmons.

They called Newell. The three cleared away the remaining soil and there came to sight the strangest, most awe-inspiring figure ever beheld in Onondaga Valley. It was a human figure ten feet long, lying on its left side, one arm extended over the abdomen, the other beneath the back, and the huge limbs contorted as if in agony. It was nude and appeared to be the figure of a bald-headed man. In contrast to the contorted, painful aspect of the legs, the massive facial features appeared in repose, one eye closed and the other nearly so.

Mrs. Newell rushed from the house and screamed. The children were ordered to stand back. Emmons and Nichols were all for laying down their shovels and getting away from the accursed place. A neighbor paused only long enough to hear the news and galloped up the valley, spreading word of the

discovery. Farmers left their fields, gathered their women and children, and hurried to the scene. Soon carriages and even omnibuses from the larger towns were dusting down the turnpike for the Newell farm.

It was, fortunately, a Saturday, and by early afternoon the Newell place took on the aspect of a county fair. With great presence of mind, Newell threw a tent around the excavation, and as the crowd pressed for admission he decided to exact a small fee. Inside the tent there was a great air of solemnity. The visitors hardly spoke as they edged forward to look down into the excavation. The tent roof shed a subdued light on the creature, and that, together with its position as if fossilized in a death struggle, produced a weird effect.

When the news reached Syracuse, Andrew Dickson White, first president of Cornell University, who happened to be in that city, set out with his brother in a buggy behind a fast trotter. They reached the scene in two hours. Dr. White, already a distinguished educator at thirty-seven, in later years to become United States Minister to Russia and Ambassador to Germany, was impressed with the appearance of antiquity in the figure. It had a color as if it had lain long

in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures like pores. Deep grooves on its under side, as if caused by a flow of underground water, also heightened the appearance of age.

But in spite of this and of the creditable story told by the now voluble Emmons, Nichols, and Newell, Dr. White appears to have been skeptical. He decided there was no plausible reason for sinking a well at that spot, which was convenient neither to farmhouse nor barn. Without voicing his suspicion, he ascertained that the house was watered by a good spring and a fresh stream flowed by the barn. Then, applying his analytical mind to the Giant itself, he reasoned that the absence of a pedestal indicated that if it were a statue, it was not intended to be an idol. The contorted limbs were not those of a figure calculated to inspire adoration. To him it appeared vaguely remindful of Michelangelo's *Night and Morning*, and he suspected that the sculptor had seen either that work or a copy.

The growing crowd had no such doubts. By Sunday morning, when a multitude of sightseers began to descend on the place, admission was put up to fifty cents a head. The cheerful Newell told his story

over and over again, putting forward no theories and professing only mystification. The *Syracuse Journal* had a staff man on hand and he recorded careful measurements. They were:

Crown of head to sole of foot — ten feet, 2½ inches.

Chin to crown of head — 21 inches.

Nose — six inches. Across nostrils, ¾ inches.

Breadth of shoulders — three feet.

Feet — 17 inches.

The *Journal* promptly named the figure the Cardiff Giant. Thus its fame leaped from the valley.

What was it — a statue, or some gargantuan human being that had died and become fossilized? Hoax? Assuredly not. Was it not apparent that Newell had neither the ability nor the means to carve such a figure? Wasn't it preposterous to think that such a mass of stone could be transported there without someone having seen it? Newell and his family offered to make affidavits that they had never seen the figure until it was discovered.

Those who came, saw, and were conquered began to line up on two sides, with convincing arguments that it was either a statue or a fossil. Someone found the Bible verse, "There were giants in the earth in those days," and it was a godsend to the pro-Giant element. Then

there arose stories that the Onondaga Indians had abundant traditions of early giants who had roamed the nearby hills. They fetched an old squaw who took one look and pronounced it the petrified body of a prophet of her race, whose last words were that his descendants would see him again.

II

During the first few weeks, the small-fry scientists and local wizards ventured startling opinions. They were listened to with due respect. Then as the Cardiff Giant's notoriety spread, the more established scientists and clergymen were importuned to come forward. Among them was a deputation of regents from the State University at Albany, including Dr. S. B. Woolworth, secretary of the board, and Dr. James Hall, State geologist.

Back in Syracuse was that irreconcilable, Dr. White. When he heard his colleagues were to view the Giant, he met them privately in Syracuse and urged them to exert caution. He told them his own convictions and pointed out that a mistake might be injurious to the standing of scientists in general. They promised due reflection; and were driven to Newell's place. Newell agreed to clear the tent for

fifteen minutes — no longer, because he would be losing money with the crowd eager to pass through at a half-dollar a head. The scientists were impressed, almost conquered, but heeding Dr. White's advice, they issued a lengthy evasive statement which appeared in the *Journal* of October 23, 1869. Over Dr. Hall's name, it closed with the observation:

Altogether it is the most remarkable object brought to light in this country in its history, and, although not dating back to the Stone Age, is, nevertheless, deserving of attention of archaeologists.

The clergymen were more fulsome. The Rev. S. R. Calthrop pronounced that it was a statue, possibly the work of "early Jesuit missionaries". He attributed it, at least, to a

trained sculptor who had noble, original powers, for none but such could have formed and wrought . . . that stately head with its calm smile so full of mingled sweetness and strength. . . . Was it not someone with a righteous soul sighing over a lost civilization in Europe, weary of swamp, forest, and fort, who, finding this block by the side of a stream, solaced his weary days of exile with pouring out his thoughts upon stone?

By this time it was evident that the discovery was to be exceedingly remunerative. A joint stock firm was formed with the idea of removing the Giant from the excava-

tion and exhibiting it about the country. A leading spirit was a horse-trader and small-time banker from a village in an adjoining county. The syndicate gave Newell a fourth interest and engaged a showman, one Colonel Wood, to exploit the wonder.

While the statue was being moved, an old schoolmate of Dr. White succeeded in breaking off a small piece. A few tests by the Cornell president sufficed to erase any remaining doubts that it might not be a fraud. He found that it was soft and easily marked with the fingernail. A test with acid found that it was a friable sulphate of lime—a form of gypsum which must have been brought there from another part of the country.

Dr. White then boldly made known his findings, but continued to be a prophet without honor in his own valley. Professor O. B. Marsh of Yale, perhaps the country's most eminent paleontologist, was induced to examine the Giant closely at Syracuse and he had no hesitancy in pronouncing it a "decided humbug". In the *Journal*, where the battle raged, he denounced the Giant as a fraud, insisting that tool marks showed on it which would preclude any idea of ancient burial.

A cloud considerably smaller

than the Giant's hand suddenly appeared over the Newell farm. Neighbors learned somehow that he had sent several thousand dollars to a man named Hull in Iowa. Obviously it was proceeds from the admission fees. The good neighbors worried about that. They knew Newell had no debts. Then came forward a farmer who lived at some distance. This gentleman maintained doggedly that he saw a man hauling a heavy box on a four-horse wagon down the valley turnpike some miles south of Cardiff, one dark, rainy night several years before. He couldn't be sure about the details. But in Syracuse, the Giant only attracted larger crowds. To blast the skeptics, a pamphlet, *The American Goliath*, made its appearance. The pamphlet called attention to the Giant's lifelike fingernails, its veins and pores. Said the booklet:

The proverb tells us that "there were giants in the earth in those days," and although we are not able to tell the exact date of the origin of the human and beastly monsters which are now and then brought to notice by accidental means, yet the fact of their occasional exhumation tends to verify the truth of the asseveration that there *were* giants in those days.

Those who believed it a petrified human were reminded that the absence of hair, "the most beautiful ornament of the human body", the

absence of a pedestal, and the contorted limbs, were evidence that it was not the work of human hands.

Special trains now were taking crowds to Syracuse to see the wonder and the syndicate amassed a profit estimated at \$210,000. It was moved on to New York and exhibited at Wood's Museum and at the Apollo Theater. The New York *Herald* helpfully tried to expose the Giant with a fantastic story declaring it was the work of a Canadian named Jules Geraud, "a monomaniac who wanted to be a Michelangelo", and exiled himself in an Onondaga forest to carve out his masterpiece.

From New York the Giant was sent to Boston and viewed by a contemporary essayist who said it was "beyond *my* depth, astonishing and undoubtedly ancient". That was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

About this time, Phineas T. Barnum commenced to look with green eyes on this triumphant tour. Cautiously he approached the syndicate and tried to buy the Giant, but his offers were turned down. Barnum, however, knew how to meet such rebuffs. He promptly hired a sculptor to study the Giant and make a copy. The copy wasn't good — a poor imitation of plaster and wire — but Barnum billed it as "The Only True

and Real Cardiff Giant", and ignoring the protests of the Syracuse exhibitors, started his own tour.

Strangely enough, this marked the beginning of the end for the Giant. The birthrate of suckers apparently couldn't cope with two Giants. A public which had taken to its heart the advent of one turned a cold shoulder when a ringer appeared. Full exposure and a curious denouement came quickly. The main clue lay in the story of the farmer who saw the heavy box going down the Onondaga Valley. Back at the Newell farm, neighbors began to notice a tall, lanky stranger paying secretive visits. The observer of the box said it was the man in charge of the four-horse wagon. Confronted with this, the stranger admitted his identity. His name was George Hull, and he was a tobacconist in Binghamton.

III

"I made fools out of the preachers," said the sardonic Hull. "And I got more money out of it than I ever expected. There's no more in it anyway."

He seemed eager to tell his amazing story of belated revenge upon the Methodist minister who swore by the Bible that "there were

giants in the earth in those days" — a phrase he said he never forgot. As he lay awake that night three years before, Hull conceived the idea of having a giant carved and passing it off upon the public. As he pondered the hoax, he recalled that on a visit to Iowa he had seen a deposit of gypsum and noticed that its dark-colored bluish streaks resembled human veins. Gypsum is a hydrous calcium sulphate which can be used as a plaster.

As soon as he could arrange his affairs — two years later — Hull went to Iowa and located the gypsum bed near Fort Dodge. For a barrel of beer he engaged a group of workers to block out a 3½-ton slab, 12 feet long, four feet wide, and 22 inches thick. He had the gypsum moved secretly to a German stone-cutter's shop in Chicago.

Hull's idea about the Giant's appearance was accidental genius. He instructed the stone-cutter to carve the figure of a man who would look as if "he had laid down and died". The stone-cutter naturally leaned to the statue idea, and the result was a cross between the two. Hull then suggested the mystifying pores, which were inserted with a leaden mallet coated with steel needles. The stone-cutter was sworn to secrecy. The finished product, polished and rubbed, was

packed in sawdust and shipped by rail to Union, New York, where it arrived October 12, 1868.

Hull then set about to pick a site for its burial. He first visited a likely cave in Connecticut, near Salisbury, but upon reflection decided it would not do to have the statue found in that State, the home of "wooden nutmegs", "basswood hams" — and P. T. Barnum.

He then remembered that some ancient bones had been found near Syracuse, and recalling the credulity of Onondaga Valley's inhabitants, he bethought himself of his brother-in-law, Newell. Newell readily entered into an agreement and maintained strictest silence. Hull had the box moved up the valley to Newell's farm and in the dead of night, with a makeshift derrick and a few trusted helpers, lowered the Giant into its shallow grave. In order that Newell and his family might make subsequent affidavits in good faith, he arranged for them to be away so they could swear they had never seen the Giant before its discovery. Hull returned to Binghamton and allowed a year to elapse. He then set the date of the discovery and awaited the results which have been recounted here. His own profit was about \$60,000.

Long after its total disrepute, the Giant, exhibited frankly as the hoax that had fooled America, continued to attract crowds. Then its wanderings became more obscure. In 1912 it came to light at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and was bought by an Iowan who three years later traded it for 200 acres of land near Blue Earth, Minnesota. Again it was exhibited for a season and dropped out of sight. In 1934 it was found in a warehouse at Fort Dodge, Iowa, where it had garnered dust for nineteen years.

A group of Fort Dodge businessmen sponsored perhaps its last tour — “historical and educational. See for yourself this Giant Colossus” — and in August of that year it was rented to the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce, where it remained on exhibition until it was purchased in 1935 by Gardner Cowles, Jr., of Des Moines.

The Giant is no longer on public view. It is resting in the basement of Mr. Cowles' home, destined to become part of a private collection of Iowa historical curiosities.



BRIDE'S GOLDEN RULE

BY PHILIP M. HARDING

CHILD, on whose placid cheek all rapture is yet
The slow blush of unrisen lunar light,
Instruct him slyly in the exquisite,
In bliss held back, held in the hands so tight
They tremble, and the breath faints, making mist
Of reason's mirror, and desire is
Fox-teeth against the bared and Spartan breast —
This for his brain; and for his senses these:
A threat cream-smooth to see, and no attack;
A word for mercy then, and no defense,
But his to touch the thighs in faerie prints
Of starlight — only, while you can, hold back
The lush mouth, for his taste, that he despair
Whether a rose or knife is carried there.

THE LITERARY COMRADE

A Portrait

BY ERNEST BOYD

HE is a chameleon-like creature whose resources are such that he is not afraid, on occasion, to conceal his name under a pseudonym, in order the more safely to attack his opponents and to placate the friends from whom he draws his salary. It is his fixed belief that only the damned bourgeoisie should take risks by venturing their opinions over their own names. But, he has a wife and children who must live . . . presumably for Communism, so his motto is: Safe Money First. When he is not engaged in the bewildering but congenial task (for a chameleon) of adapting his so-called ideas to the "Party Line", as prescribed by whatever Bolshevik elders have not been liquidated over the weekend, his chief concern is to achieve such economic security as will enable him to attack with impunity all those who are trying honestly to earn a living under the universally accepted capitalistic system. He never ventures to seek

that security in Russia, the one and only country where Communism has been tried and has failed. He goes there for holiday tours alone.

His determination is unrestricted by any considerations of principle. If he can profit by the PWA, he will resign his position on the *New Masses* and joyfully live on the money supplied to the capitalistic federal government by the petty bourgeois taxpayers. His devotion to the Cause never precludes his avoiding every opportunity of making any sacrifice for it. He is of the race of martyrs who reserve their fanaticism for others, but permit themselves the compromise of eating their cake and having it, of swallowing the proletarian words which others, more naïve, spout. When he thinks of renunciation, it is in terms of giving up a Hollywood job for a Guggenheim scholarship. Greater love for the proletariat hath no Comrade than this. It frequently cuts his income by

more than half. Yet withal, he is a real he-man, who enjoys the wenching and hot jazz at Webster Hall in New York as much as any Broadwayite enjoys the same class-conscious ecstasies uptown.

Although he likes to think of himself as belonging to the Working Class, he has worked as little as possible with either his hands or his brain. Emotion is more in his line than thought, a deficiency which he laboriously tries to conceal by conducting his economic education in public. Having discovered Marxism relatively recently, he is convinced that all preceding literary generations were as ignorant of the realities of industrialism as he was until the great Marxian Revelation befell him. This makes him a hero to his own friends and valets, but a dreadful bore to all educated people between the ages of forty and ninety.

There are many trials in a modern Marxian intellectual's life. No sooner has it been established that the Maestro proved something for all time, than the Party Line has to be changed overnight to suit the exigencies of the moment. It appears that when Moscow says turn, all turn. It is useless to remind the Comrade that the facts of economic life existed prior to 1917, and that they were widely discussed by the

leading figures of the intellectual and literary world during the dark ages between 1880 and 1914. Being essentially a frustrated literary fellow, reared on Dadaism and Expressionism, he cannot believe that it was not left to him to discover that capitalism means production for profit, that trade unionism is not welcomed by employers, and that Negroes are maltreated in the South. Like all proselytes, he is vastly intolerant of those who propose to combine a knowledge of these facts with interests of a more aesthetic and objective order. Art must be Marxian or nothing. So he cries in vain for the great proletarian novel, the great epic of the working class, the great drama of the class struggle.

These, needless to say, cannot be supplied to order, and it is doubtful if they ever can be supplied, as the neo-proletarian critics are beginning sadly to admit amongst themselves. Nevertheless, our literary Comrade salutes his Marxian geese as if they were artistic swans. An inferior piece of work, provided it be Class-Conscious, is necessarily superior to any other kind, and those who disagree are credited with the foulest motives. They are Slaves of the Interests, voluptuaries battenning on the dying corpse of capitalism. Never

give an opponent an even break is one of the elementary rules of Marxian controversy. The petty bourgeoisie and their spokesmen must never be permitted to claim that they are capable of recognizing bad and pretentious writing, irrespective of their political sympathies. Where the ordinary writer, however reluctantly, accepts the verdict of the general public, the neo-proletarian at once raises the howl of protesting martyrdom.

Apart from Union Square, he regards New York City as the stronghold of effete reaction. No good proletarian play gets a fair hearing on Broadway, no Marxian masterpiece is honestly reviewed in the capitalist press. When a super-capitalist pays for a work of art which he finally decides he does not like, the neo-proletarians unite in denouncing him. But they never suggest that the check be refunded, or that an anti-Communist artist be commissioned to decorate the largest building in Moscow with murals idealizing the Czar, Rasputin, and Denikine. The literary Comrade is always the poor victim of predatory wealth, even when he gladly, eagerly, and knowingly makes his bid for the cash of these malefactors. His usual trick is to reserve his bad propaganda for New York and to repair

at frequent intervals to Hollywood, there to write (for a generous consideration) the immortal story of *Boy Gets Girl*.

When he has acquired sufficient loot to face the battle for Idealism once more, he returns East and implores producers to put on his plays, publishers to advertise his books, and the workers to throw off their chains.

Wherever there is a strike or a threatened lynching, the Movie Marxist hastens to the spot, full of indignation and Hollywood dollars. With the assistance of a notoriety-seeking lawyer, he will then throw as much oil as possible on the smoldering fires, until they flame up and envelop some hapless Negro body or helpless convert to proletarian panaceas. Then a short story or a drawing of horrible brutality is generously donated to the *New Masses*, for a sum so imperceptible as to be invisible to a Hollywood hack. The Comrade is a realistic fellow; none of your milk-and-water Socialism for him. He is a Communist and intends only to make impersonal sacrifices to achieve his ends. When the barricades are raised in New York, he will be in a story conference in Hollywood, trying to decide how much more box-office sex the script will stand.

Although it is hard even for the initiated to do so, the Comrade strenuously tries to make his obeisance to all the varied and contradictory ukases of the Comintern. His publications ring with denunciations of those who, unlike himself, know both Russia and Russian, and who dare to expose any facts which conflict with the official dogma. Having no independence of mind or breadth of background and experience, he apparently believes that all actual or potential supporters of the Workers' Republic are or ought to be as ignorant and uncouth as he. Even when he was a Dadaist, bullying waiters at the Dôme, he was a great cry-baby, readier with his fists than with his brains, cleverer at whining and lying than at facing an issue squarely. Naturally he attributes his own peculiarities to both his friends and their opponents. He was gravely threatened in his pretense of pseudo-proletarianism when the first Russian Soviet Embassy party was given in Washington. Its capitalistic lavishness would have satisfied even his Hollywood bosses, or those movie queens whom he so tenderly interviews for the popular weeklies of national circulation. Perhaps the saddest blow, however, was administered in New York, when not

a single neo-proletarian was invited to the first official dinner given by the Soviet Consul. The Comrade was snubbed in his own stronghold, preference being given to such exploiters of the toiling masses as Mr. Alexander Woollcott.

The muzhik goes 'round and around, according as the self-consecrated apostles of Marxism in Russia exile, murder, and purge those who dare to make any kind of resistance to the essentially devious and wobbling dogmatism which passes for truth in the USSR. The literary Comrade does the same, while loudly proclaiming his independence, while pretending that he has evolved a native brand of Communism, which has, however, not yet been submitted to the citizenry for their inspection. He gets his vicarious pleasure out of the thought that Russians are now being ordered to be respectable family men, to encourage lipstick and pretty clothes in their womenfolk, to partake of the incomparable delights of riding in a brand-new subway. But there are too many holes in the Comrade's hat for him to produce out of it a rabbit which we shall all recognize as Communism *à l'américaine*. Before that day arrives, his Russian Comrades will apparently

have staggered a little nearer the bright ideal of suburbanism as understood from Boston to San Diego.

His is obviously and fundamentally a movie-Marxism, a distortion of the facts of social life in this country as complete in its evasions and downright misrepresentations as the average film version of any work of literature. Just as the poor working girl is always perfectly marcelled and dressed, just as the hero emerges handsome and immaculate from the most trying encounters, so the neo-proletarian goes through lynchings, strikes, and parades of the unemployed without receiving anything more serious than publicity. His wounds are largely imaginary and are more easily salved in Beverly Hills than in Scottsboro. His glorification of the class-conscious worker is very comparable to the glorification of the American Girl—while Moscow glorifies the American tractor. He has invented a stereotype, and living human beings must be made to conform to it. Even the tough New York taxi-driver has been presented in such a haze of neo-proletarian sentimentality that he has acquired the knightly tender-

ness of Sir Galahad, the courtliness of Beau Brummel, and the genial gallantry of Colonel Esmond—to the lifelong subway-rider of proletarian origin.

It is this capacity for losing all sense of proportion and reality which stands the Comrade in good stead when, despite Theater Guild and Theater Union symposia, despite angry, argumentative advertisements, despite picketings at first nights, his plays close; when, after vain logrolling by brother neo-proletarians, his novels fail to take precedence over more competent craftsmanship. It enables him to enjoy the unaccustomed pleasure of hearing his work discussed outside the pages of the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*, without his suspecting that he is making rather a fool of himself.

In his own imagination, as he assails the heartless capitalist critics, the literary Comrade is one with the oppressed and toiling masses. Above all, that capacity has the supreme virtue of permitting him—in that phrase to which he has become accustomed—to go back where he came from; that is, literally and metaphorically, to Hollywood.

MAJOR BERRY — ALWAYS AVAILABLE

By FELIX BRUNER

THE hangovers of late-rising delegates to the 1924 Democratic National Convention were aggravated on each of the many days of that remarkable meeting by the squawks of a juvenile band. Through bleary eyes the delegates beheld the young drummers and trombone players almost hidden by huge badges commanding them to "Pick Berry". On the walls and columns of hotels were similar printed admonitions. Banners in Madison Square Garden bore the same command. Some of the posters carried the picture of a round-faced, nearly bald individual, and they included the information that Major George L. Berry was seeking the Vice Presidential nomination.

Major George Leonard Berry (he never leaves off the Major) is one of the few persons in the history of the Republic who have actually run for the Vice Presidency before a convention. Many, of course, have sought the nomination by first becoming candidates for the Presidency. But not the

Major. He went directly after it. Prior to the 1924 convention he made a coast-to-coast speaking tour urging himself upon the voters. He came to New York with a formidable number of delegates. When the weary Democrats, having listened for days to a foghorn-Alabaman cast twenty-four votes for Underwood, finally got around to the dreary business of picking a running mate for John W. Davis, Berry's delegates were right there. Only by the narrowest squeak were they prevented from nominating him. His friends say he was counted out in favor of skull-capped Brother Charlie Bryan. Whatever the facts, the Major has lived since that day in a constant state of availability.

Today the Major is one of the weirdest figures in the New Deal. He has little in common with Columbia professors and Harvard lawyers, but he makes up in ambitious bluntness what he lacks in finesse, and he is becoming more and more an individual to be reckoned with. Berry wasn't sum-

moned to Washington. He went. He was certain that something would turn up, especially if he did his best to make it turn up. Today he bears the awesome title of Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation, as well as that of chairman of Labor's Non-Partisan League, perhaps as partisan an organization as could be found in this fair land. The office of Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation amounts to little more than a high-sounding title and the privilege of giving jobs to a limited number of hungry Democrats. But the chairmanship of the Non-Partisan League is something else again.

Berry started life fifty-four years ago in Hawkins County, Tennessee. He learned to read at an age when most boys are entering high school. Before his voice changed he was wandering about the country, washing dishes in restaurants, working on river steamers, picking up odd jobs, and generally growing into a rough, tough individual. When he approached his full physical stature he hired himself out occasionally as a not-too-good fighter in preliminary bouts. Berry can still be rough and tough. One of his admirers once insisted that he shaved with a blow-torch. But he can also be a velvet-voiced conciliator. He has a reputation in

both directions, and is proud of it.

Among the numerous jobs which engaged the future Major was that of pressman's helper. In those days newspaper pressmen were husky, hearty, underpaid citizens who wandered from job to job earning enough money to buy whisky and beans and an occasional flop. The Pressmen's Union was being formed, and the youthful Berry took an interest. At that time the struggling organization had no office, didn't own a desk; yet even in those days young Berry was beginning to show traits of availability. By 1907 he had pushed his way into the presidency of the organization. He still is president of the International Pressmen's and Assistants' Union, today one of the richest in the Labor movement. It is proud of its Pressmen's Home in Berry's native county, of its tuberculosis sanatorium, of its technical school in printing. Berry started them all and he runs them all. The union has been pretty much a one-man organization since 1907.

The Major is popular with newspaper publishers. He is known among them as a "reasonable Labor leader". Union men, including some members of his own organization, are not so sure that he hasn't at times carried his "reason-

ableness" too far. There have been occasions when he has been referred to as a strike-breaker. The term was occasionally heard during and after the 1924 pressmen's strike in New York City, when every paper in the metropolis was forced to suspend for ten days and the only publication was a one-sheet daily, bearing the mastheads of all Manhattan's journals, with which the strikers kindly consented not to interfere too much. Berry walked into that strike, insisted that it was neither authorized nor justified, engaged in a few arguments, and badgered the men into going back to work on the old basis, breaking up the local organization and forming a new one. The publishers agreed that he had been most reasonable, particularly for a man who had just been defeated for a Vice Presidential nomination.

Berry hadn't been idle during the years that intervened between his becoming president of the union and his achieving a reputation for reasonableness. In 1914 he attempted to persuade the Democrats of Tennessee that he was available for the governorship, but they disagreed in the primary. He was from the wrong, or Republican, end of the State. In 1918, President Wilson found him available for a

place on a Labor commission which visited Europe. He had made previous trips abroad and had even acquired a slight British accent which still is noticeable, except when he is excited or angry. Between trips he found time to write a book. Near the end of the War, he became a major of engineers, and later lingered abroad to help form the American Legion and to become a Labor adviser at the Versailles Conference. He is supposed to have had something to do with the Labor provisions in that treaty. Somewhere along the route he was made a member of the French Legion of Honor. Incidentally, he is also an honorary Rotarian, an Elk, an Odd Fellow, a Moose, a Mason, a Baptist, and a member of the National Geographic Society.

II

The Major descended upon Washington early in the New Deal. Elbowing his way through crowds of chattering professors, he arrived at the NRA where General Hugh S. Johnson, another military man and an admirer of rough, tough individuals, put him to work. He immediately did an unheard-of thing — refused to accept any pay for his services. This incredible an-

nouncement threw the whole bureaucracy into turmoil. Wasn't he a Democrat? Didn't he have a government job? Yes, said the Major, that was all true, but he had a comfortable salary as a union president, he had found time to acquire a plant that printed cigarette packages — not always destined to contain union-made cigarettes — and he owned some 30,000 acres of Tennessee land. He really didn't need the money, and besides, the job might prove an opportunity for something better. Professors and politicians shook their heads, but they let him stay. The Major became a member of the Labor Relations Board. He became an Administrator for the leather and chemical industries. He took time off to achieve a "reasonable" settlement of a hosiery mill strike. He moved so rapidly and had so many jobs that everybody around him was even dizzy as usual.

Then things began to happen to the NRA. Johnson left; Donald Richberg came and went. Some old men at the other end of town decided that dead chickens in Brooklyn were not moving in interstate commerce. Blue Eagles were torn down. Armies of employees moved to other jobs in other government departments. Trucks loaded with unused codes

were seen constantly moving away from the Commerce Building. Finally, standing alone, surveying the vast corridors of the vast edifice which only recently had been so busy, was one large, almost bald man — Major George Leonard Berry. He was the boy upon the burning deck. There he stood, and because everyone else had left, he at last was the Boss. Something had turned up.

The Major lost no time. He hurried to the White House and conferred with the President. Shortly there issued from the Executive Offices an order creating the office of Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation and conferring that title upon one George L. Berry. The very first act of the Major upon receiving a copy of the order was to hire a press agent.

The order listed as among the Major's duties the supervision of conferences of representatives of business, of Labor, and of consumers to consider means of accelerating industrial recovery, elimination of unemployment, and maintenance of Labor and business standards. The order also provided that the Major should be given office space and that his salary should be fixed by the President. The last provision was superfluous. The Major still refused a salary.

He even refused to accept expense money.

The Major and his press agent forthwith put their heads together and produced the first of a long series of handouts which were outstanding examples of restraint and understatement. The first pronouncement read:

MAJOR GEORGE L. BERRY

Major George L. Berry, appointed by President Roosevelt as Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation, is outstandingly qualified to assume the duties of this new office. Major Berry knows both sides of the management-labor problem in industry, because he represents both interests. He is a large employer, chairman of the board of one bank and director of another. He is the largest farmer in southeastern United States and president of the Printing Pressmen's Union.

A native son of Eastern Tennessee, the Major has become one of his State's most distinguished and influential citizens. He has resisted repeated attempts to make him both Governor and U. S. Senator. . . .

He has the friendship and esteem of all the newspaper publishers and of many of the nation's outstanding industrialists. He is feared by many of his associates in the American Federation of Labor because he himself is fearless. . . .

Major Berry's strength, leadership, and success are rooted in his knowledge of human nature won in a pioneering life from early childhood, quick perception, and ability to pick men. His life, like those of many Americans whose names are written large in the pages of history, is a story of independence, courage, and re-

sourcefulness. Cast upon the world an orphan, at the tender age of seven, without a day of schooling, he has won his way to the top. The President has called upon the right man to solve an extremely difficult problem.

The Major lost no time in getting under way. He gathered together a staff—their pay came from unused NRA funds and later was to come from the \$4,800,000,000 Relief appropriation—and went to work writing letters. He sent out some 5000 invitations to Labor leaders, businessmen, and just plain consumers, asking them to attend a conference. He wrote to Henry Ford and he wrote to Andrew Mellon. He wrote to Bill Green and he even wrote to Dan Tobin. The Labor leaders responded heartily, sending their acceptances by the following mail. The businessmen, including Messrs. Ford and Mellon, declined. Some of them wrote back to ask what the Major was driving at. Was he trying to organize a new NRA? No, said the Major, he was simply trying to co-ordinate in behalf of industrial co-operation: the businessmen and the Labor leaders were to get together and write their own ticket. Most of the businessmen replied that they weren't interested in tickets, particularly the Democratic ticket. The Major plead and cajoled. A few lobbyists,

euphemistically called Washington representatives, said they would be present in the capacity of observers. Some trade association secretaries sent similar replies.

The meeting finally was called for December 10, 1935. The Major announced that at the conference political labels would be "hurled aside". He cautioned against "playing politics with human misery", an apt phrase invented by someone else's press agent. He said his meeting wasn't going to be a "kick carnival", such as had once been held by General Johnson. He added that Business and Labor were simply going to get together and iron out their problems. The Major arranged the program for the meeting. First there was to be a general session for the sole purpose of telling those in attendance that they had been assigned to attend small conferences and where the conferences were to be held. The Major would be the only speaker.

On the morning of December 10 there assembled in the marble and gold auditorium in the new Labor Department Building about 2000 persons. The Major mounted the platform, repeated his explanation that an opportunity had been afforded for Business and Labor to get together, and recited the list of

meeting places for the small conferences.

"The meeting," concluded the Major, "is adjourned."

For a moment the crowd didn't move. Then John W. O'Leary, head of the Machinery and Allied Products Institute and a former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, jumped to his feet and demanded recognition.

"The meeting," Berry reiterated, "is adjourned."

A half-dozen persons by this time were asking for the floor. The crowd broke into hisses, cheers, and boos. Four or five men stood on their seats, shouting to be heard. Policemen closed in. A. P. Haake of Chicago, representing the National Furniture Manufacturers' Association, persisted in the demand that O'Leary be heard.

"Get yourself a hall. You are out of order," the Major shouted.

"We are American citizens and anything is in order," Haake replied.

"You were sent here to dynamite this meeting," rejoined the Major.

"That is an unqualified lie," Haake retorted.

"I'll take you on for that," yelled the Major. "You'll eat it, eat it, eat it!"

Neither the Major nor the furni-

ture man moved from his place. The Major was still on the platform as the crowd began to move from the hall. Nothing happened.

And so, under these auspicious circumstances, was conceived the Council for Industrial Progress.

Several conferences were held, but it was not until January, 1936, that the Council came into being. Heading the business group was one John G. Paine, chairman of the board of the Music Publishers Protective Association. Heading the Labor division was William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor. Heading the whole thing was the Major. The council adopted a set of objectives; it sent speakers to Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club meetings; it issued frequent reports analyzing this or that industry. In other words, it became another useless bureau.

III

Meanwhile, another Presidential campaign was relentlessly approaching. The Major considered for awhile the idea of going back to Tennessee and running for governor, but he finally concluded that his availability in Washington might be endangered, so he stuck. Labor groups were lining up for

the campaign along the customary bi-partisan lines. There is usually a perfect understanding between both political parties and the A. F. of L. on campaign arrangements. But this year there was dissension. John L. Lewis was forming his Committee for Industrial Organization. His group needed to have a voice in politics, not through just a campaign committee, but through a permanent organization. Maybe, when the occasion was ripe, the group itself would become a political party. Thus Labor's Non-Partisan League was formed.

Who, asked one of the organizers, would be the head of the League? Of course, Lewis, or Sidney Hillman, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and first lieutenant of the CIO, would run it, but they were busy with Labor organization troubles and it wouldn't look well for one of them to be the boss. Why not the Major? The idea seemed a good one. The Major was approached. He was available. He immediately rented a suite of rooms in a hotel and hired another press agent.

Committees were formed in nearly every State. Statements were issued daily and sometimes several times a day. Virtually the entire vote of Labor was claimed at the

start for President Roosevelt. The Major traveled about making speeches. He contributed \$25,000 of his own money to the cause and altogether spent nearly \$1,000,000, much of it contributed by the United Mine Workers of America. The Major became one of the most publicized individuals in Washington. And Labor's Non-Partisan League entirely overshadowed the Labor activities of the Democratic Party.

The day after election, the Major was one of the first to claim credit for the victory. In spite of the tremendous Roosevelt landslide, the Major's statement claimed that the President was re-elected because Labor held the balance of power, and intimated that it was through his own efforts that this balance was swung in the right direction.

But Labor's Non-Partisan League did not stop with the election. It still is a going concern, preparing to demand things. With the exception of the creation of the National Labor Relations Board, there is no important New Deal Labor legislation that has stuck. Labor is going to remedy this situation if it can. If it can't, the Major and his associates are preparing to take things into their own hands.

The Non-Partisan League carefully avoided any direct connec-

tion with the Democratic Party. It accepted no money from the party and it contributed none. In its very name it avoided calling itself Democratic or pro-Roosevelt. In New York it formed the American Labor Party. In the West it cooperated with the Progressives and with the Farmer-Labor group. It contains within itself the germ of a real national Labor Party, when and if needed.

Berry expressed the objectives months ago at a meeting of his League when he announced that the League would support the President in his Liberal objectives. "We propose," he continued, "to march with him until 1940, and then we promise to continue to march for progressive and liberal policies . . . and intelligently play our part in the realignment, if a realignment is to come, in the political parties of this country."

Thus it seems that the League may eventually become more of a menace to the Democratic Party than to what is left of the Republican Party. It proposes, unless things go satisfactorily, to withdraw that "balance" about which Berry spoke on the day after election. This brings up the question of where the formation of a Labor Party would place the Major.

Well, he is always available.

WHO CARES ABOUT AMATEUR SPORT?

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THE Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is currently considering another investigation into the athletic set-up of American colleges. Careful, you Carnegie boys! Can you take it? For to write on the subject of sports in the United States, you have to be willing to take it. Criticism of politics, religion, art, or education leaves the average American cold; but hint that all is not well with intercollegiate football, and the mildest citizen immediately rises in anger. My article in the November *MERCURY* expressing the hope that some day football players will be openly paid what they are worth, and listing one hundred colleges as amateurs, semi-pros, and professionals, earned me plenty of hard names. The press characterized what I wrote as "aimless wanderings", "inaccurate but interesting", "literary mush", "diatribe", "vitriol", and "a malicious lie". Among the terms of endearment visited upon me were "misguided Moses", "professional iconoclast" (how does an iconoclast

lose his amateur standing?), "spoiled child crying for the moon", "liar", "traducer", "sensationalist", "literary nudist", and "locker-room lawyer". I was familiarly addressed as "Jack", "Arthur", "Charlie", and "Phil" by gentlemen I have never seen, and one football expert even called me Channing Pollock. My favorite sports writer described me as a "bird who fouled his own nest". Yes, to write about sports in this country you have to be willing to take it.

And how did the colleges react? Unanimously. A Dartmouth varsity tackle called me "a man who so carelessly threw accusations about with probably insufficient proof, or perhaps none at all, to ascertain his charges". Rear Admiral Earle, the president of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, threatened suit. The Graduate Manager at Harvard replied to all questioners with a form telegram: "I never comment on John Tunis articles regards William J. Bingham". The athletic directors of Nebraska, Pittsburgh,

Marquette, Baylor, and Boston College did not bother to read the article but denied the charges *in toto*.

The athletic director at Illinois ridiculed the idea that his university ran a professional show, but his contention was upset by El Sayre, captain and center of the football team, in an interview several days later in the *Daily Maroon*, the University of Chicago student newspaper. Mr. Sayre was quoted as saying that "football is a business and cannot be returned to a purely amateur condition". He gave four reasons: that many coaches and athletic directors "are crooks", that football means an education to the players, that alumni pay to send star athletes to their alma mater, and that a football team means publicity to the university. He also asserted "that football players are unfairly exploited today and should be given their share of the gate receipts as open payment for their labors."

Did any educator agree with me? Well, Dean Adams of Oklahoma scooped me by ten days. His suggestion was precisely the same as mine: "Open and above-board compensation to college football players for the services they render their institutions. Whether we like it or not, college football has been

both democratized and highly professionalized". But Coach Marty Bell of Southern Methodist, who ought to know, believes otherwise: "To my knowledge all college teams are amateurs," he said, so the Dean must be another liar. The only college authority beside the gentleman from Oklahoma to come out from behind his whiskers, was President Hamilton Holt of Rollins College: "I am ready to suggest that we abandon our pretense of amateurism and come into the open for professionalism. I would be perfectly willing to print in our catalogue how much we pay our pitcher and halfback". And a varsity player at Northwestern wrote:

"Football has become a big business at Northwestern with a huge stadium to pay for, and football men should be paid for their work as is done on the side, anyway".

One New York sports writer asserted that he was prepared to furnish better information on what he calls "a casual basis". Well, why on earth doesn't he? Why is it that no newspaper writer ever sets down the things that should be said? The unanimous journalistic verdict was that my article contained little news; nor indeed did it—except to those who imagine that

Notre Dame picks Phi Beta Kappa men for its team, and that Temple and Alabama stars play for the love of the sport. Yet the fact that more than 350 newspapers — from the *Fostoria, Ohio, Review* to the *San Antonio News*, and from the *Billings, Montana, Gazette* to the *Baltimore Sun* — took occasion to comment on that article proves there was a certain amount of interest in the subject. But it isn't the job of a magazine to do this sort of thing, they insisted. I agree. But who else will do it? One of the lessons of the last election was the plainly expressed distrust of the electorate for the press of the country. The papers supported Landon, but the people supported Roosevelt.

In the same way the newspaper reader is becoming increasingly incredulous of the build-up of so-called amateur athletics in the press. Why don't the sports writers tell what they see? Are they afraid? No, it's worse than that. They *believe*. Professor J. C. Grierson puts it this way:

We in the educational circles are always declaring that the end of education is to teach people to think for themselves. But can the majority ever do so? My experience is that the majority do not want to think for themselves. Men desire to believe; hero-worship is not only an instinct, it is a need of the human spirit.

II

A prize example of this can be found in the remarks of Coach Crisler of Princeton, a college I listed as professional. He is quoted as saying that the article "must have been written before the Penn game. That puts us in the semi-pro class, I suppose. If we lose next week that ought to make us amateurs". He is using the term professional in its loose sense to mean a team adept at the game. Probably he was being funny. But he wasn't being funny on September 2, 1936, before the Coaches' School conducted by the *New York Herald Tribune*, when he discussed the noble art of ball-stealing in football. This art, he explained — and I do not pretend this will be news to anyone who has watched recent Princeton teams — is practiced three times a week at Old Nassau. Crisler demonstrated this elevating pastime to the assembled coaches, showing them how easy it is when you master it: "A sharp downward crack on the wrist, a simultaneous upward thrust on the elbow, and, presto, the ball is loose". He was further quoted as saying: "There's nothing in the rules that says you cannot steal the ball, so we try to steal it. If the other fellow can't

hang on to it, then we plan to take advantage of his laxness". By a sharp downward crack on the wrist, a simultaneous upward thrust on the elbow. Nothing in the rules against it. Therefore it is okay, isn't it, Coach?

There are, fortunately, a few people who recognize this for what it is, a typical example of the professional spirit which allows anything in sport as long as you get away with it. It is this spirit which has translated football from a game, a pastime, into what it is at Princeton today, a highly organized professional racket. What difference does it make whether a few players are bought, or should I say endowed for a few years? That happens everywhere in the country and everyone knows it. That's a small matter indeed compared to this attitude of a man who each Fall has dozens of impressionable boys in charge.

Moreover, that state of mind can permeate a whole university. When President Dodds issued his now-famous pronunciamiento to Princeton graduates requesting them not to get drunk at football games, he did not appeal to them on moral grounds. He did not say drunkenness was an adolescent habit. He said that if it was not stopped, it would ruin football. Ap-

parently he knew how to reach the Princeton graduate.

Lest you think I am picking on Old Nassau, let me move to another campus. In listing those one hundred colleges I placed Minnesota as one of the big, money-making, organized, gate-producing teams. Now I like the University of Minnesota. I had friends there and I hope I still have them. I admire immensely the work they are doing; there is far more educational ferment on the campus at Minneapolis than at Princeton or many other Eastern universities. At the risk of losing those friends, I said what I believed was true. Recently, on a conducted tour through the football locker-room at Minnesota, I observed ten printed rules on the wall for the team to learn. One was: "You must hate to lose and love to win."

Love to win — who doesn't? But what a philosophy of sport, what a maxim to imprint on young and impressionable boys! This win-at-any-cost attitude is the epitome of the professional spirit, the typical attitude of the professional athlete in every sport. You must hate to lose and love to win; forget fair play; don't bother about sportsmanship; get away with whatever you can. A sharp crack on the wrist. An upward thrust at the

elbow. If the other man can't take it, that's his funeral.

III

As President Hutchins says, the universities of the country are anti-intellectual. Nowhere is this more in evidence than in their treatment and subservience to the business of organized athletics. The colleges have no business in professionalized exhibitionism. Some day some president will realize that inter-collegiate football as it exists today injures an institution of learning, and will have the courage to divorce himself from the racket.

A great many educators tell me that the three colleges that have come to the front recently in American education are Chicago, Lehigh, and California Institute of Technology. In attendance, in endowments, and especially in prestige, they have jumped far ahead in recent years. But look where they stand on the gridiron — and then compare them with Temple, Ohio State, and Alabama.

So what of it? Who cares whether the universities wish to get out of the shadow of the stadium? Well, I suspect the number of those who care is much larger than most of us imagine.



TIME IS NO MATTER

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

LOVE is not dead that slumbers in the brain,
 The loins, the hardworn spirit . . . it will rise
 Out of its sleep again
 To peer forth darkly from the untearful eyes.
 Love will lie quiet only a little season
 Between the green and the snows;
 It will awaken utterly without reason,
 Where and when, none knows.
 No man is escaped from love put firmly away
 In the cold vaults of thought
 Where it will never die, where it will stay
 Dormant not ever. . . . Crying, it will be brought
 Into the nightmare light and the lusty air —
 A chilly ghost in a world too warm to care.

DIALOGUE ALONE

BY JOHN HOLMES

THOUGH all my thought is for the worthy word,
And all I do I pray will find its poem,
Though my trust is put in verses read aloud,
What good is a man's poem in an evil time?
Hearers and lovers, the body of their joy
Is shrunk; aimless, and ill, and cold.
What use is there for poets during plague?
Let them sing jingles to a careless child.

No. Let them endure. Let me endure,
Remembering how great poetry on the page
Will shine, live, mean forever there.
Let me remember, crowded toward the edge,
That others beside myself wish not to fall.

How is the poem made, and made of what
That means, or lives, or is even beautiful?
Poetry was music once, and now is not.
What else then? Ecstasy? With the whole heart?
Or this: to the five senses I know five to add,
But speak, like others, only salt or curt.
Yet there is poetry starting in my head.

Then write it. Balance this dark against this light.
Say that the lost innocence is wisdom now.
Say in the poem that only the whole is true:
Without known death and evil and defeat,
No health or love in body or in state.
Load it with wonder. Fire it with right rage.
Make it, if not for now, then later. Urge;
Exult; delight in the simple sensuous fact;
Believe that poetry will be heard. But act.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE church editor of the Birmingham *News* unearths a real feature story:

An impressive and Bible-like scene was that at the First Baptist Church at Lafayette last Sunday evening, when a sufferer who has been confined to his bed for several years, was brought to the church in an ambulance, carried by friends into the church upon his bed and baptized, both he and the bed being immersed. Dr. C. M. Meiere, pastor of the church, was assisted by two deacons of the church. The wife of the invalid was also baptized at the same service.

The man was Edward McLendon, and his wife remained in the pool while Mr. McLendon was immersed, to assist if needed.

CALIFORNIA

PRASEWORTHY efforts to put down vice in the City of the Angels, as recounted by the decorous Los Angeles *Evening Herald and Express*:

When the key is in the keyhole, and peeping therefore is obstructed, officers of the police vice squad bore holes in the doors of his hotel rooms, Karl Shukraft, 321½ West Forty-first Street, complained to the police commission today.

As he is managing the hotel under

a lease, he must repair all damages done upon the property, Shukraft declared, and asked the commission to take braces and bits away from officers who call upon him.

THE society editor of the renowned San Francisco *Argonaut* contributes a colorful new expression to the language:

Certainly the smartest party after the opening performance of the opera was that given by Mrs. John Drum at her penthouse on the Fairmont roof. This brought together the cream which had risen to the top of the evening's social milk.

MAINE

A CANDIDATE for office frankly negotiates for Divine assistance in the columns of the up-and-coming Pittsfield *Advertiser*:

MY POLITICAL CREED

By J. CLARENCE LECKEMBY

If you believe in God, the God who directed Christopher Columbus in the discovery of America; the God who heard Washington when he prayed at Valley Forge; the God of the Continental Congress; the God who was the strength of Lincoln; the God who has made America great,

Vote For J. Clarence Leckemby for Congress.

NEW YORK

FREEDOM of the Press as promulgated by the great Libertarian seaman's union and commended by the poor old *Nation*:

In New York City no reporter is admitted at strike headquarters unless he can show that he is a member of the Newspaper Guild in good standing.

OKLAHOMA

A DISCIPLE of Clean Living broadcasts his message in the editorial columns of the *Stillwater Daily Press*:

STILLWATER LAKE

God is not mocked by the totally depraved either in frock or the murderer's robe of many colors.

Against such my farm is posted. Keep out. No free parking for them anywhere.

If my brother falls seven hundred and seventy times but rises each time sincerely repentant my charity is not strained to forgive and sustain. For them free parking only in front of office.

Dancing for beerless, wineless and other boozeless boys and girls — best music, keenest floor, cleanest clientele — 9 to 11 — 35 cents.

I am sole chaperon, musician, etc., and sole judge of who is eligible to dance.

Respect my rights, enjoy your privileges, and all such will cooperate and have a jolly good time.

A. J. Thomas, Sole Owner and Sole Operator.

P.S. New tunes just arrived.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE civic pride of Johnsborg receives a rude jolt, according to the gifted columnist of the *Press*:

Human hogs created in the image of the genius homo committed an indecent and unmentionable act in two instances Friday night along the main drag in the very center of town. It is inconceivable that this town harbors persons who would be so low and thoughtless. It is unbelievable that a representative of the so-called human civilized race would commit an act so gross, mean, and offensive as was perpetrated along Market street Friday night.

VIRGINIA

REMARKABLE sense of divination in the feathered world, as vouched for by the Ashland *Herald-Progress*:

Paul Blincoe, of Ashland, is raising some young partridges. Miss Laura Blincoe says they have never "said a word" until the morning of November 4th. When she went out to feed them there was much evidence of excitement and the little partridges were flapping their wings and saying "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

WASHINGTON

UNDER the title, "Zioncheck: An American Tragedy", Mr. Richard Neuberger, correspondent for the ever-truthful *Nation*, pens a tear-jerking but euphemistic epitaph for the late Clown of Congress:

The death of Marion Zioncheck deprived these people [the workers of Washington] of a sincere friend and courageous champion . . . who had kept faith with them in the measures he supported on Capital Hill. . . . Until his mental collapse in January he was a brilliant young Liberal who might one day have been the dominant political figure in the Pacific Northwest. . . . Political courage and intellectual honesty—those were Zioncheck's outstanding virtues. . . . He was one of the few men in the House who tried to read through every bill up for consideration. His collapse was at least partly due to overwork.

Had Zioncheck lived, it is difficult to say whether he would have been re-elected. . . . Before his collapse he was considered a possible gubernatorial candidate, and it was considered certain that he would one day be promoted to the United States Senate. His breakdown and death must be set down as an American tragedy, for Marion Zioncheck typified many of the best traditions of the Republic. . . . Just before his body was lowered into the grave at Evergreen Cemetery, the Rev. Fred Shorter of the Church of the People said, "Marion was a shell-shocked comrade who died at the barricades fighting to the last for the poor and the dispossessed."

THE burghers of Kennewick fail to get together before asking divine aid, according to the *Spokane Valley Times*:

The week-end rain which pea and wheat ranchers of southeastern Washington hailed with thanks as a direct answer to their recent prayers, caused grave misgivings among cherry

growers of this region, who report considerable cracking among cherries.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

SOUTH AFRICA

HANDS-ACROSS-THE-SEA sentiment takes a new turn in the *veldt* country, according to the *Rand Daily Mail*:

Public-spirited people in the bushveld area of the Koedoesrand recently started a fund to send their children to see the Empire Exhibition. Finally it was decided not to send the children to the Exhibition because "so many Americans were coming to the Exhibition and parents were afraid that their children might be kidnapped".

USSR

PROGRESS of the cinema art in the Beverly Hills Section of Moscow, as chronicled by the Associated Press:

Three executives who "went Hollywood" in Russia were sentenced to labor camps today. The men, former executives of the Eastern Film Trust, were convicted of frittering away State money for the production of movies. They were charged with purchasing a bad scenario, countenancing excessive production expense, and with wasting money searching for talent.

During their trial it was testified that out of forty employees of the movie company, two were Trotskyists, six thieves, one a murderer, and two embezzlers.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Coating the Pill With Hooley

THE words Communism, Fascism, and Nazi-ism are bandied about so much that it might be a good thing, even as a sporting proposition, if we were pretty sure we know what they mean; not by way of a dictionary definition, necessarily, but of what they actually stand for. Nor need we concern ourselves with what their apostles and disciples say they mean, but with what they really do mean. When we speak of Communism, Fascism, Nazi-ism, what is the thing, actually, that we are talking about?

In Russia, Italy, and Germany there exists a huge taxing-machine called the State; or, if you like the term better, the government. We know what that is, because it exists here, as it does in all countries except some which we agree to call uncivilized. Now, the thing to be noticed about this taxing-machine is that those who can get control of it can take away as much of other people's money and property as they like, and redistribute it to suit themselves. That is, they can

live by robbery, and enable their beneficiaries to live by the same means. Therefore, since it is easier to live by robbery than by labor, various sets of impostors are always in competition for control of the taxing-machine. Naturally this competition is most attractive to predatory and unscrupulous persons, and hence these sets of impostors are made up almost exclusively of the worst and lowest order of human beings.

In former times the regular thing was to take everything in sight, and either exterminate the possessors or drive them off to shift for themselves as best they might. It was soon seen to be more profitable, however, to leave them subsistence enough to go on with, so that they might be used as labor-motors, producing a steady revenue for the State and its beneficiaries. This was done through various systems of State-protected chattel slavery, serfdom, peonage, and industrial exploitation, according as circumstances made one system more profitable than another. When

circumstances changed, the system was changed; as when industrial exploitation displaced chattel slavery in New England and New York, not much more than a century ago.

But as a rule the State and its beneficiaries let their extravagances run wild, and soon begin to take too much, as they did in France of the eighteenth century, when the monarchy, the nobility, and the Church got away with so much that the great bulk of the population could not eat right. Such exactions raise a spirit of rebellion, and this gives opportunity for competing impostors to organize a revolutionary movement and promise the people great things if it succeeds. When these competing impostors get control of the taxing-machine, they sometimes ease off a little for a while, and give the people one of Mr. Roosevelt's breathing spells; and in that case they are likely to consolidate their hold on the taxing-machine and become what we call "a stable government". Practically always, however, they do not, and often cannot, for the counsel of prudent leadership is overborne by the rapacity of the rank and file.¹ In this case, sooner or later

"the government collapses", as we say, and another set of imposters mans the taxing-machine.

The history of French revolutionary movements in the nineteenth century is especially interesting on this point, as showing the rise and fall of so many and so various sets of impostors in such rapid succession. Passing over the shifts of power from the revolution of 1789 to the First Republic of 1792, we see the Directory of 1795, the Consulate of 1799, the First Empire of 1804, the First Restoration of 1814, the Hundred Days and the Second Restoration of 1815, the July Monarchy of 1830, the Second Republic of 1848, the Second Empire of 1852, and the Third Republic of 1870, tempered

disinterested; for example, Lafayette, Washington, Lenin, and their more intimate associates. But once the movement succeeds, their influence is notoriously short-lived, and very often they themselves are killed or exiled by their successors. The reader may consider Mr. Jefferson's testimony to the difference in "the spirit of Americans" between 1784 and 1789. He may also compare the personnel of Washington's first cabinet with that of his second; or of the Soviet's first government with that of its present government. If Mr. Roosevelt ever had any better than an electioneering interest in the condition of the country (which I do not believe for a moment that he ever had), it did not take much of an eye to see how quickly and completely it was extinguished by the onrush of the herd behind him. There is pathos as well as candor in the French revolutionist's saying, "I *must* follow the mob, because I lead them."

¹ The original promoters of a revolutionary movement are often men of character and probity, and as a rule comparatively

by the Commune of 1871. As far as I know to the contrary, this is a record performance, and at any rate worth close study by those interested in the subject we are discussing.

It will be remembered — or should be — that post-war government in Germany, Russia, and Italy collapsed completely, thereby leaving the way wide open to any competently organized gang of adventurers who wished to step in and take charge of the taxing-machine; and such a gang was promptly on hand. The point to notice here is that these gangs did not improvise themselves; on the contrary, they had long been at work on plans for meeting just this crisis when it should come, and these plans included methods and devices for getting enough popular acceptance to enable them to overcome initial opposition.

In the old days, organization was simpler. When William of Normandy and his associate banditti landed in England, he did not think much about the people. There he was, and if they did not like him they might lump him, and that was that. The modern adventurer does not have it quite so easy. He has to take the people somewhat into account at the outset, even though he may deal roughly

with a protesting minority later on. Hence, in addition to the purely military, or quasi-military, side of his preparations, he must negotiate whatever quiet trades and deals he can put on foot, and also must carry on a quiet campaign of evangelizing. An "ideology" has to be inculcated, especially upon the young, the ardent, and the impressionable. If I may borrow Mr. Mencken's excellent terms, he and his Brain Trust must do a great deal of cautious boob-bumping, and meanwhile make themselves letter-perfect in the art of rabble-rousing, against the time when this art shall come into play.

Thus he must have both a creed and a gospel. In order to copper-rivet his hold on the taxing-machine, he must promulgate the belief that

(1) The State is everything and the individual nothing; the individual exists only to serve and magnify the State.

(2) He has no rights that the State is bound to respect, and no rights whatever but those the State gives him.

(3) The State is bound by no consideration of right and wrong; it may do whatever it likes. Whatever it does is right, and whatever it decrees is just; its will is the only criterion of justice.

(4) This criterion is determined solely by its own interest. The State wills whatever makes for its own aggrandizement, and disallows what-

ever does not; and the individual must govern his actions accordingly.

These four articles of faith are the impostor's creed. They are the fundamental thing; they are all that count. Around them is woven a gospel, a texture of pseudo-scientific and rhetorical material, designed to help the creed along and make it seem acceptable. In relation to the four fundamentals, it might be described as a sort of ancillary hooley, comparable to the coating on a pill.

But different circumstances and different types of people require different types of hooley. Mussolini's gospel would not attract Englishmen, Stalin's hooley would nauseate the French, and the sort of thing that Hitler hands out would get him nowhere in the United States. The gospel must vary, but the creed never varies. Stalin's creed has precisely the same four points as Hitler's, and Hitler's as Mussolini's. Stalin coats the pill with sugar, Hitler with gelatine, Mussolini with chocolate, but the pills are all exactly the same.

Therefore when we talk about Communism, Fascism, and Nazism, as if they stood for three different things—which most of us do—we are talking nonsense. They are three kinds of hooley, all

standing for the same thing, which is the cluster of four propositions just mentioned. In one word, they stand for Absolutism.

So if we want to know what is really taking place in Europe, it is not a conflict of creeds or ideas. Not even in Spain is there any such conflict; the conflict there is between two sets of prehensile shy-sters, one of which has control of the Spanish taxing-machine, and the other is trying to get control of it. The really important thing that is happening in Europe is that in almost all countries alike, the State and its beneficiaries are absorbing so much money and property that the rest of the population are on the edge of not being able to eat right. This is what happened in Nicholas II's time, and Louis XIV's, and Genghis Khan's, and for exactly the same reason—the creed of Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler and Co. is precisely the creed of Louis, Nicholas, Genghis Khan and Co. It is the creed of Absolutism that counts; the collateral hooley put out to catch the eye and ear does not count.

Perhaps my readers will find something in this idea that may help them make up their own report on the State of the Union this month, and I therefore leave it to them without further comment.

THE BOOK PREVIEW

In this department THE MERCURY presents each month an advance excerpt from an important forthcoming book.

SWINBURNE

*From Portraits From Life, to be published soon by
Houghton Mifflin.*

BY FORD MADOX FORD

I HAVE been passing, I think, the most disagreeable six weeks — of a sort of boding! — that I can remember since I was in the line in the late war . . . because always at the back of my mind, since I was a very small boy, must have remained the belief that we — our civilization — had a Senior Service of which, as it were, Algernon Charles Swinburne was Admiral of the Blue.

In the Army, that is to say, we have to give the *pas* to those who go down to the sea in warships: on public occasions we must call them just that — the Senior Service. And when in 1916 I was taking a parade of several hundred Returned Expeditionary Force scoundrels, all regulars who pretended to have the worst drills, the most suffering feet, the most collapsible spines that the world of heroes has ever seen, I used, whilst the perspiring sergeants strove in vain to get them into some sort of line, to saunter up and down in front of their ranks, dragging my cane behind my back. From time to time I would direct on them a sideways glance and exclaim, "Thank God we have got a Navy!" They would groan at that insult and pretend they were groaning over the pain of their deep wounds which should keep them in barracks for at least a year or till the duration of hostilities. . . .

You have already perceived the parallel. . . . For, for years when one has been considering English literary prose — that affair of limping scoundrels of used words that return to one for service — one has groaned

over the straggling array and has said: "Thank God we have got our Poets!"

Our Poets are our Senior Service. By hundreds of thousands of years, verse — and rhythm-poetry — preceded the much more difficult Service of the *prosateurs*; and Prose is judged by much more severe standards and is a much, much wearier job. So for years and years one went about that obscure and laborious industry. Because of course English is not a language for prose as is Latin or Chinese or even French. It is a feminine sort of thing full of unmanageable conditionals — like Greek or Japanese. So it is a weary pursuit and those of us who for our sins seriously follow it know that we are a sort of chain gang to whom no waterboy shall ever bring cooling fluids. It has been our lifelong consolation to think that somewhere in the world there have been those happy beings, our poets, hitching up their slacks, dancing eternal hornpipes, taking endless poetic licenses in honey-flowering meads. . . . Well, *you* know!

We didn't of course read them. Why should we? Who in fact does want to read Poetry . . . and who were we to presume to differ from other proper men? . . . But from time to time fragments of their verse would come flying towards us on the breeze. We would get somehow inaccurately by heart:

From too much love of living, and life and death (*sic*) set free. . . .

or:

I that have love and no more, give you but love of you, sweet,
He that has more let him give; he that has wings let him soar. . . .

and we would marvel a little at the apparent ease of the poetic process and be glad that in this weary world someone was having so good a time and obtaining such high honors from pursuits so enviably otiose. And so we would return our noses over our raddled papers and whilst wearily chasing assonances out of our lines and racking our brains for words that would convey someone's chin with exactitude . . . or someone else's deer park — we would breathe fervently the words:

Admiral Swinburne's . . . (or latterly) Commodore Sir John Masefield's
on his Quarter-Deck,
All's well with the world. . . .

Because of course with our heavy and teasing preoccupations *we* could not be expected to do much for civilization. The Verse Poets must save

it. So, comfortably, we imagined the great galleons of the Poetry Service running down the easting on the halcyon tides and Mankind, by a magic process, getting daily better and better and better. . . .

Then, six weeks or so ago I decided that, having come nearly to the end of this series of projections of the minds of my distinguished *prosa-teur* contemporaries, I ought to turn my attention to the mysterious realm of the Verse Poets. I obtained therefore *The Complete Works* of Swinburne and sat down to read . . . to bathe in solar glory, to be enraptured by unbridled Hellenic eloquence, to lose myself, perhaps forever, in the glamorous haze of a solar myth! . . . Only yesterday Swinburne meant all that to me. . . .

II

My first personal contact with the beautiful translator of pieces from Villon and Aeschylus and the Vidame de Paris occurred in 1879 . . . two years before I sat, as I have related, on the knee of Turgenev and saw Liszt descend the steps of St. James' Hall under a rain of the applauding top hats of four-wheel cabmen. I was in the beautiful warm, glowing, great kitchen of my grandfather, watching the immense cook dish up the *pièce de résistance* for a dinner for twelve that was going on over our heads. The cook was adjuring me to hold my tongue, in words the remembrance of which at this day still makes my blood curdle. I was momentarily happy because my uniform of the infant pre-Raphaelite genius was hidden by a French smock in blue gabardine. Later I should have to go up into the dining room for dessert and to receive bits of *marrons glacés* and *meringues* from the forks of poets, painters, and poet-painters. My smock would before then be taken off and I should appear in the blushing, stammering horror of green velveteen corduroy, with gold buttons, one scarlet stocking and one green, and long platinum blond curls. . . .

But for the moment I was safe in that warm sanctuary amongst my grandfather's servants whose lightest private word would take the copper off the bottom of a Chinese clipper. . . . Nevertheless, upstairs, their demeanors were of a tart righteousness that, with their white aprons, white cuffs over the sleeves, white caps with large black streamers, always suggested to me that they were pillars of salt. . . .

And suddenly out of that warm drowsiness of piecrust — for the cook had had to give me piecrust to keep me quiet — I was aware that Charlotte, the housemaid, was saying to a four-wheel cabman:

“My master’s sitting at the ’ed of ’is table entertaining ’is guests. . . .”

She was at her very saltiest and most pillar-like and she was addressing a Four-Wheel Cabman who, as if by magic, had appeared within that warm circle of light and, with a sort of hieroglyphic stiffness, in a voice so hoarse as to be almost inaudible, kept addressing to Charlotte the mystic words:

“I’ve got your master very drunk in my keb.”

And that dusky monster continued to say he had got Charlotte’s master very drunk in ’is keb and, until the crucial moment, Charlotte continued to say that ’er master was sitting at the ’ed of ’is table. But at last she brought out composedly the words:

“That’s Mr. Swinburne. ’Elp me carry ’im upstairs ’n put ’im in the bath.”

And that was done. . . .

It appeared to me to be quite all in the normal day’s journey. My grandfather, the most benevolent of human beings, distressed at the predicament that overcame most of the pre-Raphaelite poets as a rule twice a week in those days, and rather than that they should spend cold, damp nights in the stone jug, had hit on the device of having his own address inscribed on a tape label which was attached to the revers of the topcoats of the poets so that on most evenings of the week a poet was conducted downstairs to the area and from there carried upstairs to the bath. . . . It might be Mr. Swinburne, it might be B. V. who wrote *The City of Dreadful Night* . . . it might be, oh, any one of half a dozen who have left respected names.

Nor are you to imagine that that indicated that the poets were what used to be called Bohemians . . . or that it was exclusively poets or artists who availed themselves of that kindly assistance. If I cut my catalogue of names so summarily, it is that you may not be pained at coming across figures that were the glories of your youth and the moral props of your vigorous middle years . . . all being carried limply between Charlotte and a hoarse cab driver, across the kitchen and up three weary flights of stairs to the bath on the second floor. . . . The stratagem of putting the poets and moralists in the bathtub was intended at once to

protect them from bruising themselves in falling off a bed and to prevent them from getting out and making themselves nuisances to my grandfather at the head of his table. Charlotte would dose them with dreadfully strong coffee and hold smelling salts to their noses until, being able to get out of the tub unaided, they could descend the stairs and mingle with the other guests in the great studios. There, the vigilant Charlotte would see that they got nothing but toast-and-water to drink — that brownish fluid being utterly non-intoxicant and yet having the appearance of strong brandy and water so that the patients need not feel themselves humiliated . . . and the pleading voices of poets and others that I can remember whispering: “Just a drop . . . Charlotte, just a tiny drop of unsweetened . . . Charlotte, just listen” . . . and Charlotte as unhearing as an Egyptian monolith! Indeed she was as swarthy as a gypsy and as straight as Cleopatra’s Needle, with the black, vengeful eyes of Atropos and the expression of Rhadamanthus. . . . If you could read *her* Memoirs. . . .

But as for Mr. Swinburne. . . . He was a solar myth with the voice of a Greek God, and great and beautiful and shining and kind so that when *he* came on the scene, drunk or sober, all was gas and gingerbread and joybells and jujubes. . . . Well, he used to give me jujubes, slipping them out of his waistcoat pocket in his beautiful, long, white fingers. . . . And now and then it would be a poem suited to my comprehension and written in his beautiful clear hand, minutely, on valentine paper with lacy edgings and Father Christmas embossed on the reverse, or pink roses. . . . Usually, as far as I can remember, about my dog Dido . . . rhyming dog with fog and bog. . . . I think Mr. Swinburne once came on me on Wimbledon Common, which was near my birthplace, on a misty day, immensely distressed because my dog Dido had gone into one of the ponds and would not come out. . . . So Mr. Swinburne wrote me a series of little jingles about the adventures of that faithful hound, and used to deliver them furtively as if he were slipping me little parcels of candy.

He was like that to children — and I daresay to grown-ups. And if you think that his coming home occasionally in four-wheel cabs from which he had to be conveyed upstairs to the bathroom . . . if you think that made any difference to my — or even Charlotte’s — childish adoration, you are mistaken indeed. . . . It didn’t even make any difference to me that he was unduly short in stature. When the door opened before

him and you looked to see a man's head appear at about the middle of the upper panel, his chin would not be much above the level of the door handle . . . not much. But then it was such a glorious head that you immediately forgot.

And no. . . . It meant nothing to me that Mr. Swinburne had occasionally to be carried past between Charlotte and a kebmán. . . . For the matter of that, Charlotte could have carried him all by herself. . . . And you should have heard her defending him in the linen room.

"That Mrs. Lizzie Rossetti!" she used to exclaim. "If the poor dear young gentleman wants to drink, why shouldn't 'e? . . . Not that 'e *drinks* like Mr. Blank does. . . . Not to say soak. . . . No, 'e gits rearing tearing boosed when 'e 'as the mind ter. . . . 'N calls for pen 'n paper in the bath 'n writes 'n ode. . . . 'E wrote two last Friday as ever was . . . to Mister Mazzini 'n against the Emperor of the French. . . . 'N why shouldn't 'e? . . . That Mrs. Lizzie Rossetti . . . a powerful pernicketty lady *she* was. 'N would 'ave things jest so. . . . Why shouldn't 'e git drunk in 'er box at Common Garden Oppra if 'e 'ad the mind? If so be she 'ed bin faithful to 'er 'usband she might 'ave spoken. . . . But she must go 'n take 'n overdose 'v opium. . . . Onreasonable, I call it. . . ."

I suppose it to be generally known to the world interested in such matters that Swinburne entertained a passion for Mrs. D. G. Rossetti — the Elizabeth Siddal of earlier days, the model for Millais' *Ophelia*, the *Felise* of Swinburne's ballad . . . the famous Miss Siddal, in short. According to Charlotte, his interest was reciprocated by the lady to the extent of her being ready to elope with Swinburne . . . though, she used to say, it was astonishing that anyone so cold-blooded and -hearted as Mrs. Lizzie should want to elope with anyone. And on the night before the planned elopement, Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti were in a box at the Opera and Swinburne joined them in a state of inebriation so insupportable that Mrs. Rossetti went home and took an overdose of some opiate. . . .

There were, of course, in Charlotte's account, other gloomy and harrowing details of miscarriages and misunderstandings in a lugubriously oil-lamp-lit, indigestion-ridden, gin-sodden, always dripping, London of the 'Seventies — than which city none other could be imagined less suited for the sports and loves of lyric-balladists of origin, whether North Country or Italian. . . . On those you can employ your imaginations

to any extent or, as to them, read legions of other writers. . . . The reports of the inquest — which Charlotte needless to say attended — state duly that before taking her overdose, Mrs. Rossetti had been at the Opera with Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne . . . and the coroner and jury passed a vote of sympathy for Mr. Rossetti thus left without anyone to sew on his shirt-buttons. But they say nothing of Mr. Swinburne's intoxication which you can take or not as you please.

The point is that neither for Charlotte nor for me did any of these lugubriousnesses in the least dim the shine of the figure of Swinburne, the great little gentleman. He remained for us the glorious, reckless Border cattle-reiver, champion of Mary Queen o' Scots and of Liberty, Hellene, near-Godhead, golden in voice, infinitely chivalrous. . . .

Because the poet that I — and Charlotte — knew wrote, in the bath or in any other old place, glorious golden verses, quivering, chanting, bearing the glorified soul towards Heaven or Olympus' top. He must have . . . I tell you he *must* have. . . . He smote his blooming lyre and the mountain tops that freeze and the innumerable incarnadined seas bowed themselves when he did sing. . . . Only . . . where are they now . . . those *neiges d'antan*?

III

Well, time went on; my father died; Mr. Watts Dunton became my mother's trustee and my guardian. He also threw his comether over Mr. Swinburne and took him to live with him in The Pines, Putney, where they both grew deaf together under the housekeepership of Mr. Watts Dunton's sister, the widow of an attorney who had not made good — in a white, high, widow's cap, white mittens, and a black silk shoulder-cape. Deaf, too. . . . You may imagine all three deaf people sitting together in the dusk of The Pines waiting for the Argand colza-oil lamp to be lighted, when Mr. Swinburne and Mrs. Mason would play cribbage whilst the poet sipped his glass of Worcester Sauce and Mr. Watts Dunton pored over a crabbed volume of forgotten gypsy lore. . . .

I had occasion to go there pretty frequently . . . whenever I needed an advance. I would be received with an extraordinary pomp of praise by Mr. Watts Dunton. He would address to me studied periods of laudation of my latest published book . . . I had published I think six before

I came of age . . . and Mr. Watts Dunton addressed me as if I were a public meeting. And Mr. Swinburne would add some nervous phrases to the effect that he intended to read my book as soon as time served. . . . He would be floating somewhere about in the dimnesses like a shaft of golden light. . . . But when I came seriously to prefer my request for a check and Mr. Watts Dunton had exhausted the praise with which he put me off . . . then, if I was at all insistent, extraordinary things would happen. . . . Loud bells would ring all over that establishment. Housemaids would rush in, their capstrings floating behind, bearing the orange envelopes of telegrams on silver salvers. And Mr. Watts Dunton would tear open an envelope and exclaim dramatically:

"Sorry, me dear faller. . . . Extraordinarily sorry, me dear faller. . . . Tallegram from Hazlemere. From Lord Tennyson. . . . Have to go . . . ah . . . and correct his proofs at once. . . . M'm, m'm, m'm. . . . Desolated to be unable to be further delighted by most int'rustin' conversa . . ." And he would have disappeared, the dimnesses swallowing him up with improbable velocity. . . .

On the less dramatic occasions when Mr. Watts Dunton really produced a check, I would be invited to stay to lunch. And owing to the increasing deafness of the two friends and of Mrs. Mason, the meals passed in ever deeper and deeper silence. Mr. Swinburne ate, lost in his dreams, with beside his plate an enormous Persian cat to which he fed alternate forksful of food. Mr. Watts Dunton gobbled meats with voracity. The cooking was exquisite, the wines quite impeccable — though Mr. Swinburne touched none. Mrs. Mason addressed inaudible remarks to the maids. . . .

At a given point she would catch the eye of non-existent ladies and rise stiffly. Immediately, with an extremely jerky movement so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, Mr. Swinburne would be on his toe-points, positively running to the door, his coat-tails flapping behind him. . . . It was the singular action of an extremely active man. At one moment he was sitting sunk in his chair; at the next he was on the points of his toes and in extraordinarily rapid motion. Mrs. Mason would be passing out of the doorway with a rigid inclination of the head to Mr. Swinburne who had opened the door; and the poet would regain his chair . . . with the litheness of a cat . . . and would begin to chant long, wonderful monologues . . . about the Bacchae or the Birds.

I recall that Mr. Henry James, when he had occasion to mention Mr. Swinburne, would do so with positive sparks of indignation welling from his dark and luminous eyes, his face rigid with indignation. . . . I do not know what the poet of The Pines can have done to him; Mr. James would be almost speechless with indignation. I never heard him otherwise be immoderate. And with real fury he would imitate Mr. Swinburne's jerky movements, jumping up and down on his chair, his hands extended downwards at his sides, like a soldier at attention, hitching him sideways and back again on the chair seat and squeaking incomprehensibly in an injurious falsetto. . . .

I never knew what so excited the Old Man, though I have often reflected on the subject. There cannot have been any quarrel, for the only time I heard Mr. Swinburne mention Mr. James it was merely to observe without any emotion of one kind or another that he saw from the *Athenaeum* that young James was still writing books. . . .

I have come to the conclusion that it was the natural antipathy that the indoor man of tea-parties must feel for the outrageous athlete, clean-boned, forever on the seashore or longing to be there. Mr. James indeed exploded with an almost epileptic fury when I once raised my voice and said that Mr. Swinburne was one of the strongest — the most amazingly strong — swimmers of his day. I remember, to rub it in, recounting my anxiety on the shores of the Isle of Wight when Mr. Swinburne had disappeared in the horizon on a rough day, amongst the destroyers and battleships and liners and tramps . . . disappeared and then appeared hours after, walking with his light, swinging step over the sand dunes a mile behind my back. . . . Yes, he could swim . . . and be made a wonder of. . . .

Do you remember the story of Maupassant's in which he recounts how, canoeing miles and miles from the shore of Grasse or somewhere, he was amazed to observe, rising out of the sea, the golden-rufous head of a marine deity who immediately began to discourse on Anacreon and the Greek Anthology? And so conversing, swam beside the canoe to the shore . . . and walked up the sands conversing still in golden and glorious French of the glorious, golden Greeks. . . . And when he stood, dripping the sea over the parquet of Maupassant's salon, the author of *Le Maison Tellier* exclaimed:

"You are . . . you must be . . . Monsieur Swinburne. . . ."

Perhaps Maupassant invited Mr. Swinburne to lunches at which there were many — not merely one — *femmes du monde*, naked and masked. . . . That would be enough to annoy Mr. James. Or he may have heard Turgenev read Swinburne to his Pauline and to Flaubert and Zola and the Goncourts and Catulle Mendès and declare that he was the only great, golden-voiced singer that barbarous Anglo-Saxondom had produced . . . and the others all agreeing! . . . That would be pretty annoying. . . . And of course Mr. Swinburne was the real, right thing in families, the descendant of Admirals and Wardens of the Marches, and hanged men, and cattle-reiving assassins . . . and a real great classical scholar who could write Greek verse faster than Aeschylus . . . and French-rhymed Alexandrines to beat Victor Hugo himself. . . . You did not find that particular Real Thing in the parages of Washington Square. . . .

IV

This is not the appropriate place in which minutely to go into the prosody or the vocabularies of a vanished school of poets and I do not profess to know, *ex cathedra*, very much about Verse Poetry. I can approach it only from the standard of the prose writer. Nevertheless you would think that with every effort and desire at work — for it must be to me a great grief not to appreciate even at this date Charlotte's Godhead amongst lesser men — you would think, then, that one ought to have been able to keep one's mind down on the pages. After all, I once passed a quite difficult examination in Sanskrit and Urdu; I can still go on with most of the paragraphs of the Manual of Military Law, if you will start me on them. I have read every word of the twelve volumes of *Dawn in Britain*, not to mention *Arabia Deserta*. And indeed I have read all — every word and several times over — of Mr. Pound's *XXX Cantos*. But Swinburne I cannot read; my mind will not stick to his pages; I read two-thirds of a verse . . . and my mind, whilst my eyes still follow the lines, goes away on thoughts as to my bank balance or the state of Europe.

Then what? . . . Is it perhaps merely a matter of fashions and of, as it were, the rhythms of our day? Might Swinburne come again if the Machine Age collapsed and we all became Small Producers? . . . along with Tennyson and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Coventry Patmore. . . .

Oh, and Milton and the author of *Arcadia* who wrote half a mile from where I am writing. . . . It is perhaps only our ears that are, as it were, cut to a fashion; those others being permanent. You never know . . . we hear — I mean we, today — too many metrical sounds to need them in our literature of escape. We have them forever with us, in the chopped meter of our railway wheels, in the rhythms of the planes overhead, of our automobile wheels, of the fly-wheels in waterworks, of dynamos. . . . So it is really no escape from our world to go into the *Hymn to Proserpine*:

Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;
 But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love;
 Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
 A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold? . . .

because it is, with its endlessly returning meter, merely taking a journey in a streamlined train . . . and of that all of us today have enough.

That is less fantastic a statement than it seems at first sight. Man — you, I, and the policeman at the corner — has as definite a need of the patterns of rhythm in his life as he has of salt in his diet. To get it he must dance ceremonial dances, chant in numbers, listen to rhymes. But when his normal life of the street, public conveyance, and suburb is perpetually interspersed with mechanical rhythm, he will have little use for the long onrolling of classical meters evolving slow and not unusual thought. Swinburne and his contemporaries were already derivative. They supplied to the public of their unrhythmed day a facile substitute for the real classics . . . as it were a piano version of orchestral masterpieces. Today we need the crisp sparks of immensely artficed prose. . . .

And what shall the revolution of the resounding ages do to us? . . . I rather fancy that, if we last a little better — I don't say we shall, but *if* we do — it will be because we are a little less men and a little more craftsmen than they were. . . . I don't see any of us being adored as was the author of *Felise* . . . but I equally don't see us being carried up to the bath between a cabman and Charlotte, twice a week, through the kitchen. . . .

That is perhaps really it. . . . Algernon Charles Swinburne, descendant of Admirals, rebels, and freebooters, desired to be in turn an Admiral. His curiously diminished physical structure forbade that. So he carried his filibustering into the realms of Letters . . . and his aristocratic, snorting contempt for the Established and the tradesman. Unfortu-

nately the profession of letters is also an occupation for craftsmen: you write a good paragraph of prose or a good verse as cobblers mend shoes. . . . That was something that, soaring forever in the empyrean above Putney, he overlooked. If indeed he had been aware of it he would no doubt have abandoned the trade of poet and have taken to waving the red flag over barricades . . . or, later, the Union Jack on Constitution Hill.

As it is, he is a very good poet for the adolescent in love who can restore to him some of the careless glory that has faded from his long lines. . . . But for me — as I hope from now on a little for you, too — he will always remain a male creature of a great radiance, chivalry, sweetness of voice, and generous gestures. So that if you desired to think of the Type-Poet, or to install in some Valhalla an image of the greatest of all the pages of our Lord Phoebus, you could not well find any more fitting model.

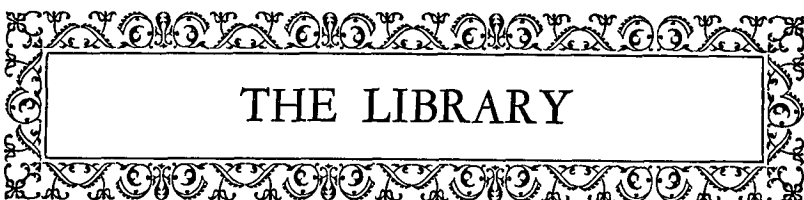


CHILD IN THE SNOW

BY KATHRYN WORTH

WHAT place hath she in this great crystal house
Of death? She who is cousin to the Spring.
By every stubborn breath she disavows
Her kinship with this white and frozen thing.
None waiteth here whom she may welcome free:
"Behold my sister and behold my mother."
Her sister is the earliest cherry tree;
The youngest lamb in April is her brother.

Let her not walk into the stricken year;
For she is life, and life must mock this doom.
Bid her sleep softly on a pillow here;
Lock her till April in a windowless room.
Meeter that she and lambs go forth in Spring
When new blades lift the grass and new birds sing.



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THE BIBLE, DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE. Edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. \$3.75.
Simon & Schuster.

THE English Bible, as read in churches and elsewhere, is not the least of the monuments to the memory of that enlightened prince, King James the First of England. Of him, they relate that he failed to inherit the personal charm of his mother, the fair and fatal Queen of Scots; and that in habit and appearance he was excessively unattractive. But even his contemporaries pay tribute to the beauties of his intellect. To his attainments in the English tongue, which he spoke with a broad Scots accent, he added profuse knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. For all this, he was no scholar to follow blindly. He was critical of the fragmentary and various versions of the Scriptures which had begun to be circulated among the laity, and very early in his reign he took steps about them. In 1604 he called a conference of the best

minds in the English Church, both High and Low, and in the universities, and directed them to make him one uniform translation of the Bible into English. He designated four-and-fifty of the most learned doctors, gave them their directions, and let them alone. His chosen servants dived into the seventeenth century's accumulation of ancient Greek, Syriac, Hebrew, and Latin texts, and the numerous common or vulgate versions from the same, and emerged in the year 1611 with a compilation set forth in form and diction pleasing to the King. He set the seal of royal approval on their labors; Master Robert Barker struck it off on his London press; and good King James placed his name on the title page of the best-selling item in the history of the publishing business.

There were translators before

James the First, but it was for some centuries a perilous undertaking. Mother Church never felt that the flock should be permitted to browse at will in the pastures of Holy Writ, and Rome spared no corrective measure to discourage that tendency. Yet, in spite of the thumbscrew and the rack, and other severe comment, there was a printed translation in German in the year 1456, which ran through seventeen reprints before Martin Luther began to fulminate. These, with other European versions, formed the basis of several partial English translations. Erasmus printed an Old Testament in Hebrew and a New Testament in Greek about 1516. It remained for William Tyndale, called the Apostle of England, to render the Bible completely into English, using not only the German and Bohemian texts, but the original, or at least, ancient codex made available with the flowering of the Renaissance. Official criticism of Tyndale's literary effort took drastic form: he was burned at the stake. Into the fire, in the years after him, went also the saintly Cranmer, and many other devoted men. But the printing press had established itself, and times were changing. The astute King James merely gave official

sanction and elevated form to something that had already become a fundamental institution of his people.

The King James Bible is the most important book in the English language. Its impress on literature and on common law has been decisive. Its precepts have guided the purest and most useful of people throughout the scale of human life. From it have proceeded movements to alleviate the hard condition of the children of men; and movements, also, that have added much misery to many lives and times. Such antipodal institutions as Slavery and Foreign Missions have sought justification in the Bible, and proved the same to the perfect satisfaction of each party. Successive generations have found in it, and I believe still find in it, a way of life and an attitude towards life as adequate as man has yet devised. Such things differ, of course, in application: it depends upon which part you read and believe. Thus in the field of literary style alone, three very diverse worthies come to mind: the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mme. Pearl Buck, and Mr. Ernest Hemingway. As to Kipling, read his *Collected Verse* with the Old Testament at your elbow. He owes much to the minor prophets and

to Kings and Chronicles. Mme. Buck's narrative method is the method of the Old Testament, unmistakable in its rhythm and balance. Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who, if he ever sees this comment will probably be annoyed, has the hard lapidary verbiage of the Book of Joshua.

For three hundred years the fiercest light of criticism has beat upon the King James compilation. Scholars and commentators in every age and land, ranging from the sonorous to the shrill, have examined and dissected and sifted the matters of origin and source, translation and transcription, truth and falsehood. The invaluable *Encyclopædia Britannica* devotes forty-two pages to these considerations, and several handsomely engraved pictures. It only points the way to a vast literature, wherein this codex is played against that one, and the Syriac syntax of 300 B.C. checked severely against the Masoretic text of the sixth to eighth centuries, and the existence of any original New Testament autographs devastatingly disproved. Consider the Exodus as a case in point: liberal-minded historians are agreed that some such movement of low-priced help occurred: and some such man as Moses doubtless existed as a labor

agitator in Lower Egypt, because there are cross-references. But, with the best will in the world, the event cannot be pinned down. The Pharaoh who saw the Nile banks full of blood, and heard the dreadful wailing for the first-born of the land, and (possibly) lost his Expeditionary Force by some phenomena of wind and tide in the Red Sea—who was he, that Pharaoh who hardened his heart? Evidence of equal weight indicates a king of the Hyksos or Shepherd Dynasty, 1800–1600 B.C.; Amenhotep III or Amenhotep IV, 1411–1386 B.C.; or Ramses II, about 1290 B.C., or even Merneptah, after him. And it makes no difference. Twelve generations of our people have read of Moses, the lawgiver and soldier, the patriot and seer, prototype of national hero in his high fixity of purpose and courage, and in his petulance and anger and humility most convincingly human, who talked on Sinai to Almighty God among the thunders. And that is good enough for them.

I do not here discuss the “kiver to kiver” Bible readers. One such was that statesman in the Deep South who ran for governor, and submitted to the questioning of the voters after a speech he made. “Judge,” said a Hardshell from

Big Sandy, "how do you stand on this here higher education? Do you believe that the people's good money ought to be spent on such things?"

"Brother," said the Judge, "I'm right glad you asked me that. My answer's sort of Yes and No. Education, in its place, is all right — and you may quote me as being in favor of it. But I don't believe in squandering the taxpayers' hard-earned dollars on teaching our splendid young Americans foreign languages. Languages like Greek and Latin, now! I'm against it. The language spoke by Jesus Christ, my Lawd an' Marster, is good enough for me!"

The thing is, that the Bible, whether you consider it as a collection of fables transmuted through the golden mists of an elder time, or as a system of ethics, or as a profession of faith, is the most convincing and comprehensive record of human experience and aspiration that exists in our world.

Messrs. Simon and Schuster, enterprising publishers, recognize this, as they say, angle, in a compilation newly on the market, *The Bible, Designed to Be Read as Living Literature*. The edition is arranged and edited by Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates, and it is wholly

pleasing. King James and Master Robert Barker dealt with a more leisurely clientele in a less exacting age. Their print was trying to the eyes, and their system of numbered paragraphs and annotations not facile in the reading. Furthermore, they included chapters interesting only to persons with a passion for genealogies, or for masochism. Modern research in history and ethnology have indicated reasonable presumptions as to the extremely important relation between Biblical literature and events contemporary to such literature. Mr. Bates, with a free hand and some little courage, has proceeded along lines indicated by these considerations. He has arranged the several books chronologically and according to subject — that is, the histories are together, and the short stories, and the drama, and the poetry. The text is conventionalized. Footnotes are omitted: a brief essay introduces each book, orienting it in the general arrangement: and the essays are simple and scholarly, and might be expanded for the edification of every reader.

The version is, quite properly, the King James rendering; except in certain of the poetical sections, where the revised version is followed with, I think, not the best

judgment. The volume is admittedly sizeable for tabloid readers, yet it is not so thick and heavy as *Anthony Adverse*, and is about the dimensions of *Gone With The Wind*. The type is large and clear.

And it lives; it lives for all time. Looking at random, there is the Book of Joshua, the able general and administrator who succeeded Moses and brought the Israelites into the Promised Land. The editor finds Joshua a lay figure; but Joshua's record and his style are of the accomplished staff officer, impersonal behind war, statecraft, and government. The military operations reports should be models for every army in the world. The incident of Rahab and the spies is a flash from the zone of action that Floyd Gibbons might envy. The apprehension of the Canaanites as the Chosen People began to appear on the Southern horizon is strikingly reminiscent of representations before the League of Nations, when one of the Great Powers begins to follow Manifest Destiny; and the Gibeonites are worthy of note: the stratagem whereby they outsmarted Joshua and his advisors saved them from destruction and embalmed them in a proverb.

Going on to Judges, you read

how Israel neglected her defenses, and was in consequence oppressed for twenty years by Sisera and his nine hundred chariots of iron; and how the termagant Deborah dealt with Sisera, hideously; and of the great triumphant song she made on the battle by the waters of Megiddo, over a terrain exactly described where British Territorials and Australian Cavalry fought another battle, not so long ago. There is the story of Gideon, and his selective service scheme; and the fine sad story of Jephthah's Daughter: to this day, travelers report, the girls of the region around Mizpah, which was Mizpah in Gilead, go wailing in the Springtime for Jephthah's Daughter. There is the story of Samson, who had no luck with his women; and the cruel chronicle of the Benjaminite War, how scandalized Israel dealt with Benjamin; and how Benjamin got his wives thereafter, a thousand years before the Rape of the Sabines. There is much reading in Judges and in Samuel and in Kings, improving for a people of short memory who shut their eyes and dream of a world without violence. Whether in the bleak hills outside of Madrid this week, or on the mountains of Gilboa in King David's time, blood shows the

same upon the ground. And the chant of Isaiah's, which begins:

*Woe to the land shadowing with
wings
Which is beyond the rivers of
Ethiopia . . .*

might well be a lyrical rendering of General Graziano's final report on the operations of his Southern Column.

After the Judges and the Kings tramp the Prophets, reactionaries to a man, viewing with alarm and pointing with pain, having the certain knowledge and preview of disaster that proceed from much study of the records, and fail always of achievement in any practical line:

*. . . Stand ye in the ways, and see,
And ask for the old paths, where is
the good way,
And walk therein, and ye shall find
rest for your souls.
But they said, "We will not walk
therein."*

That wail would have adorned any recent campaign pronouncement of the late Republican Party. It might not have been efficacious, but it would have raised the literary standard of the Landon boys. Not even the Old Guard have devised such mouth-filling curses against the New Deal as lurk in the chapters of Jeremiah and Lamentations.

The Psalms follow, and the

Proverbs, much music and much homely wisdom. There are the immense spaces and the unearthly melody of Job. There is the sensuous beauty of the Song of Solomon, which is, we are told, a fragmentary wedding idyll; although I find in it neither the bloodless allegory the King James version painfully interpolated with its ardent cadences, nor yet, necessarily, any assurance of legalized and sanctified matrimony.

These lead to the group of short stories, as compact and exactly constructed as any ever written. Ruth is a lovely tale for any time and land, unspoiled here by the editor's remark that it is a piece of propaganda against inter-racial unions. Daniel was clearly a man of talent; and as to Esther, the clever Jewish young lady who, under some pressure from her Uncle Mordecai, saved her people from an early Persian pogrom, the narrative might deal with the anti-Semitic movement of contemporary Nordic Blondes. And there is Judith, that great lady, notable in dignity and in deadliness; and the ingenious Tobit, and the virtuous Susanna, out of the Apocrypha. Finally, there is Ecclesiastes, as cynically wise, and as utterly pagan, as anything that ever proceeded from Grecian groves.

Of the collection of vigorous reporting and correspondence called the New Testament, Tatian, a second-century Syrian rhetorician, commenting on the long-disappeared originals then current, said that their very paucity of style and crudeness of expression were proof of their sincerity. The learned Origen, a little later, conceded his

criticism, but held that the style was suitable to the common multitudes for whom the message was designed. However that may be, the King James version, here followed, is of a noble clarity and simplicity. It would be interesting to observe developments in the world if the ideas the Gospels advance were effectively applied.



INTELLECTUAL

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

COLD as the light of stars on ice
His eye sees Winter in the race,
And icicles of thought suffice
To drip cool words. He has the grace

To point stalactites at the crowd
Whose zone is hot or temperate,
But his desires are not allowed
To flow toward such a common fate.

He has forgotten that he felt.
If equatorial heat should come,
He thinks it would not crack or melt
His frozen equilibrium.

But like a berg he may float South
And warming his sagacity,
Yield up the vapor of his mouth
To Summer sun and Summer sea.

THE CHECK LIST

★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimpressive book, but with some minor characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★★ GENERAL SMUTS, VOLUME II, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. \$3.50. *Little, Brown*. The concluding volume of one of the ablest biographies of recent times. Mrs. Millin's style is beautiful to behold; her handling of the later events in Smuts' career makes the flesh of history glow with life.

★★★★★ MACHIAVELLI AND HIS TIMES, by D. Erskine Muir. \$3.00. *Dutton*. An able and scholarly study of the Secretary to the Chancery in Cesare Borgia's Florence, with related portraits of the great figures of the day.

★★★ SAM ADAMS: PIONEER IN PROPAGANDA, by John C. Miller. \$4.00. *Little, Brown*. This excellent biography of that able, snarling, unscrupulous man awakes several reflections. One is, how patriotism lends itself to the uses of scoundrels; and another, that politics makes strange bedfellows. Certainly the least attractive of the Founding Fathers, Sam Adams was the most effective liar in the Colonies, and a nuisance to somebody all his days. Almost he reached the heights of the great inspirational liars who grace the present generation: his biographer does him full justice.

★★★ THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY, by Francis B. Simkins and James W. Patton. \$3.00. *Garrett & Massie*. From such sources, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, now sweeping the country like a brush fire, was assembled. The authors have offered a compilation rather than a presentation, but their material is splendid: it has beauty and pity and terror. The work is indexed and adequately documented. It is a valuable contribution to the reading of an age that knows little of actual misery.

★★★ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA, by Bellamy Partridge. \$3.00. *Hillman-Curl*. Competent study of a great dynasty, presented with some humor, and on the whole with fairness.

★★★ ROCHAMBEAU, by Jean-Edmond Weelen and the Vicomte de Rochambeau. \$3.00. *Holt*. Biography of the fine gentleman and good soldier who wrought mightily for American Independence. Anyone doubting the American obligation to France will find sound information here.

★★ I WALKED BY NIGHT, Written by Himself and Edited by Lilius Rider Haggard. \$3.50. *Dutton*. Memoirs of the King of the Norfolk Poachers, set down in his retirement, and probably authentic. A book with an honest earthy feeling in it, delightfully illustrated in black and white by Mr. Edward Seago, who knows his materials.

★★ JOHN TRUMBULL, CONNECTICUT WIT, by Alexander Cowie. \$2.50. *University of North Carolina Press*. The career of a noted Yale man, poet, teacher, and literary reformer, before the days of *Boola, Boola* and proletarian novels.

★ SAM BASS, by Wayne Gard. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Such really capable desperados as Col. John Wesley Harden and William Bonner and Brown Bowen are practically forgotten, while the inefficient Sam Bass goes marching on. Like the late J. Brown, he owes it to a song: the poets are masters of us all.

★ QUEEN OF HEARTS: THE PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE OF LOLA MONTEZ, by Isaac Goldberg. \$2.50. *John Day*. Record of a clever woman on the make. A careful piece of work, not at all inspired.

★ FRIEDRICH ENGELS, by Gustav Mayer. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Dr. Marx's alter-ego, looking as massive and omniscient as the author can make him.

★ LAWYER LINCOLN, by Albert A. Woldman. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Written from the record, with most praiseworthy care, to show that A. Lincoln was a capable attorney before the Illinois bar. And when he practiced on a wider circuit, with four million armed men to sustain his arguments, even those stiffnecked Confederate States found his pleading irresistible.

FICTION

★★★★★ THE COMPLETE WORKS OF LEWIS CARROLL. \$1.10. *Modern Library*. With the Tenniel illustrations and a Woolcott introduction. Mr. Alexander Woolcott is probably the only man alive who would have the temerity to write an introduction to *Alice In Wonderland*, and the only writer who could make it stick.

★★★★ THE BORZOI READER. Edited by Carl Van Doren. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Over a thousand pages of intelligent selections from books published by the House of Knopf. There are five novels, a play, numerous essays, short stories, and verse. The introduction and editorial notes by Mr. Van Doren are extremely able. As fine an omnibus for casual reading as can be found.

★★★ SHERSTON'S PROGRESS, by Siegfried Sassoon. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. If you remember Mr. Sassoon's Fox-hunting Man, and his Infantry Officer, this completes his story. No better study of war-weariness has been done. Yet one wishes Mr. Sassoon would leave his tired subalterns in the back areas, and give us more about Squire Blarnett.

★★ THEIR WEIGHT IN WILDCATS, by James Daugherty. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Tall tales of the American Frontier, collected and most effectively illustrated: a delightful book.

★ **DEATH OF A MAN**, by Kay Boyle. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Love and Austrian nationalism in the Tyrol: thin and sweet, like flute music.

★ **THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS**, by Wilhelm Speyer. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. Figurines of Meissen-ware posturing before a polite German background in the year 1805. The noises off-stage are the cannon of Austerlitz rumbling into battery, but the figurines go on posturing.

★ **THE TALLONS**, by William March. \$2.50. *Random House*. Love in the pine thickets; murder among the cotton patches; and a great many unpleasant physical things, inexorably and faithfully written down. But Faulkner does this sort of job even better.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER, by Gerald Bullett. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Of Oedipus the King it is related that he killed Laius, King of Thebes, his father; that he married Jocasta the Queen, his mother; and that his end was deplorable. Mr. Robert Cordwainer, a blameless gentleman of modern England, manages to go through the same routine, unalleviated by the atmosphere of high station which brought Oedipus to grand opera.

SHINING SCABBARD, by R. C. Hutchinson. \$2.75. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A French *Main Street*, titivated skilfully with those human tragedies common to all peoples: overtones of the World War, echoes of 1870. A chronicle of dullness, inexorably followed through.

THE WAR GOES ON, by Sholem Asch. \$3.00. *Putnam's*. Appalling hard luck of Aron Judewitch, a Polish Jew. A fisherman in troubled waters, he profiteered during the World War; made a fortune out of inflation in that late agony of the Central Empires; coveted his neighbor's wife and took her; and was ruined in his turn. If this is a great and timeless work, as other commentators, doubtless more acute, contend, then so is the life cycle of *Cathartes aura*, the American Turkey Vulture, as set forth in any standard ornithology.

HISTORY

★★★★★ **THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND THE CONQUEST OF PERU**, by William H. Prescott. \$1.10. *Modern Library*. Two epics in one volume, attractively presented.

★★★ **THE FRENCH QUARTER**, by Herbert Asbury. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Scandalous chronicles of the Crescent City, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the World War period, reported with painstaking skill in the manner of the late *Police Gazette*. Documented, indexed, and amusing. Several chapters were first printed in *THE MERCURY*.

★★★ **THE STORY OF THE SUPREME COURT**, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. It is time to call temporary halt on the literature appertaining to the nine old villains of Capitol Hill. Mr. Bates has done so. His book is readable, factual, tolerant, and complete. It will stand high in the reference shelves even after the Court is sacked and burned to the ground.

★★ **HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES**, by Gustavus Myers. \$1.10. *Modern Library*. Revised and enlarged version of the author's 1909 attempt to prove that any American possessing more than \$1,000,000 is *ipso facto* a thief. An editing, rather than an enlarging, would have helped this volume handsomely.

TRAVEL

★★★ A SKEPTIC IN THE HOLY LAND, by Fulton Oursler. \$2.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The best type of travel book; done with a light touch yet without flippancy. Recommended to all tourists.

★★★ THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by Richard Windham. \$3.50. *Morrow*. Through Sudanese Africa with an alert observer, an able writer, and an art photographer of supreme skill.

★★★ THE FLIGHT OF "BIG HORSE", by Sven Hedin. \$3.75. *Dutton*. One of the best of Dr. Hedin's travel books, in which the explorer and his expedition extricate themselves from the red current of civil war coursing through the Asiatic hinterlands. A fine tale, embroidered with adventure and heroism.

★★★ FINLAND: THE NEW NATION, by Agnes Rothery. \$3.00. *Viking Press*. An excellent travel book that tells how and why Finland is one of the few spots on earth where the prudent person may find surcease from a turbulent, troublous world.

★★ GOLD FEVER, by L. M. Nesbitt. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. When the author was killed in a European air crash last year, the ranks of accomplished travel writers suffered a major loss. This final book, concerning the gold and diamond mines of South Africa, is full of adventure, color, and factual information about the Rand's giant industries.

★★ THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA, by Freya Stark. \$3.75. *Dutton*. The author of *Valleys of the Assassins* recounts, with considerable literary skill, her observations and adventures while on tour in Southern Arabia. An enterprising, first-rate travel book.

★ THREE-WHEELING THROUGH AFRICA, by James C. Wilson. \$3.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Plausible evidence that travel books will be written, sold, and read as long as stay-at-home people want them.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF JAMES HUNEKER. \$1.98. *Liveright*. A well-phrased and gracefully turned informal letter is the rarest American achievement. Here is a book full of models, and flashes from the facets of the most sparkling mind of his time.

★★★★ THE STORY OF HUMAN ERROR. Edited by Joseph Jastrow. \$3.50. *Appleton-Century*. Long overdue, yet not overdone. Sixteen eminent scientists discuss the false leads followed by Man, the Blunderer, in his unflagging quest to learn the ultimate truth about the secrets of life. A fascinating book.

★★★ PREFACE TO PEASANTRY, by Arthur F. Raper. \$3.50. *University of North Carolina Press*. Results of the Black Belt plantation system in two Georgia counties. Depressing but important reading, lightened by the author's hope that somehow, some day, the sharecropper class will be smiled upon by God and the New Economists.

★★★ THE WAR OF THE GUNS, by Aubrey Wade. \$3.00. *Scribner*. Magnificent photographs and hardy prose collated by a British gunner who has not forgotten the lure, the repulsion, the calm, the strife, of the loud furnace in France.

★★★ COVERING THE FAR EAST, by Miles Vaughn. \$3.00. *Covici-Friede*. The first good book to come out of the postwar journalistic whirlpool in the Orient. The author was Far Eastern manager for the United Press for nine years. In that period, he saw everything, forgot nothing. Now he tells it all, in racy, picturesque English.

★★★ HISTORY OF ART CRITICISM, by Lionello Venturi. \$3.75. *Dutton*. Valuable addition to the archives of the artist, the student, the teacher, and the critic.

★★★ BE GLAD YOU'RE NEUROTIC, by Louis E. Bisch. \$2.00. *Whittlesey House*. Cheery news for the introverts. Dr. Bisch tells them why and how to capitalize on the superior mental and cultural powers they inherently possess. Part of the book first appeared in *THE MERCURY*.

★★★ PHYSICIAN, PASTOR AND PATIENT, by George W. Jacoby. \$3.50. *Harpers*. The relations between physician and clergyman are analyzed rationally by a medical man of wide understanding and experience.

★★★ HANDWROUGHT ANCESTORS, by Marion Nicholl Rawson. \$5.00. *Dutton*. A description of, and tribute to, the old-time shops and forges of America, whence came today's most treasured antiques. Illustrated with more than 150 of the author's excellent sketches.

★★★ HOW ANIMALS DEVELOP, by C. H. Waddington. \$2.00. *Norton*. A compact account of the embryonic development of animal life. The author discusses in detail the most recent work in embryology, including the discovery of "organizers".

★★★ I SAW THEM DIE, by Shirley Millard. \$1.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The vivid journal of a young volunteer nurse in the World War who now cherishes the idealistic hope that remembered horror will prevent a recurrence of carnage.

★★★ BLIGH AND THE BOUNTY, by Laurence Irving. \$2.50. *Dutton*. If readers don't mutiny, the saga of the *Bounty* is likely to run into the Millennium. Mr. Irving has skillfully edited and illustrated Captain Bligh's unabridged narrative.

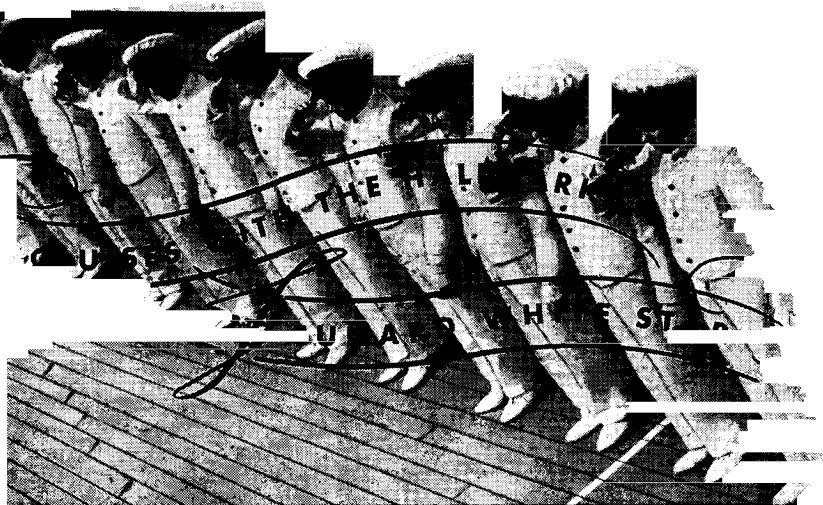
★★★ REASONS FOR ANGER, by Robert Briffault. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. The author of *Europa* waxes righteous on the stupidities of mankind. Example: he records "that the whole of Western propaganda, literary, political, religious, could now be securely let loose on the people of Soviet countries and freely permitted to do its damndest. It would be received by the least peasant with a tolerant and amused smile."

★★★ THE POLICE AND MODERN SOCIETY, by August Vollmer. \$2.50. *University of California Press*. An excellent, non-moralizing consideration of America's police responsibilities in the fields of major crime, vice, traffic, and general service.

★ SPENDING TO SAVE, by Harry L. Hopkins. \$1.50. *Norton*. Confessions of a spend-thrift, coupled with an exposition of the New Economy at Washington. When bigger billions are tossed about, Mr. Hopkins will toss them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ERNEST BOYD (*The Literary Comrade*), is the well-known author, translator, editor, and critic. J. L. BROWN (*The Coming Real Estate Crash*) is a practicing attorney of Paterson, New Jersey. FELIX BRUNER (*Major Berry—Always Available*) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*. F. DUDLEY COURTENAY (*Debunking the Game of Bridge*), founder and president of Bridge Headquarters, Inc., is an authority who has written, lectured, and broadcast about bridge. NATHALIA CRANE (*The Rebel*) is the young Brooklyn poetess whose most recent book of verse is *Swear by the Night* (Random House). FORD MADDOX FORD (*Swinburne*) is now visiting America on the eve of the publication of his new book, *Portraits From Life* (Houghton Mifflin). PHILIP M. HARDING (*Bride's Golden Rule*) writes from his home in New Jersey that his occupation is "nil (poet)". JOHN HOLMES (*Dialogue Alone*) teaches modern poetry at Tufts College and will publish a first book of verse next month, *Address to the Living* (Holt). HANNAH LEES (*The Virgin*), a resident of Philadelphia, writes stories and articles for various publications. EUGENE LYONS (*Moscow Demonstration Trial*), since his return from a six years' tenure as press correspondent in Moscow, has published *Moscow Carrousel* (Knopf) and has contributed extensively to magazines. GILBERT MAXWELL (*Time Is No Matter*) is the author of a book of verse, *Look to the Lightning* (Dodd, Mead). LOUISE McNEILL (*L'Envoi*) resides in West Virginia and contributes poetry to the magazines. FLETCHER PRATT (*Japan's Secret Navy*) is the prolific New York author who has published many articles and books on historical and military topics. RUTH PURDY (*Wives*) is a suburban wife and mother who divides her energies between domestic duties and writing verse. ROBERT B. READ (*Humility*) is an undergraduate at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. EDWARD A. RICHARDS (*Intellectual*) has taught English at Amherst, Rochester, and Columbia. OLAND D. RUSSELL (*The Cardiff Giant*), telegraph editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, has contributed eight previous articles to THE MERCURY. JAMES STEVENS (*Steel Sings the Blues*) has lived in the Midwest for five years and is now at work on a voluminous novel concerning Art and Labor. ROBERT STRUNSKY (*Dr. Locke's "Cure" for Arthritis*) is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*. JOHN R. TUNIS (*Who Cares About Amateur Sport?*) is the author of *Was College Worthwhile?* (Harcourt, Brace). HAROLD LORD VARNEY (*Autopsy on the Republican Party*), New York author and editor, is an expert on American political affairs. LIONEL WIGGAM (*Improbable Shore*) is the young author of the recently published book of verse, *Landscape with Figures* (Viking). KATHRYN WORTH (*Child in the Snow*) is the wife of a Professor of English at Vanderbilt University.

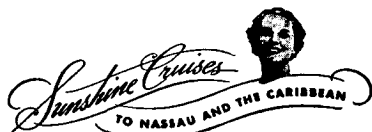


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*** indicate an outstanding performance,
** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***†† Concerto in D (opus 61), Beethoven: RCA-Victor (six 12-inch records, with one side blank, \$11). A re-issue of the standard version of the work by Fritz Kreisler. The recording is a vast improvement over that of nearly ten years ago, but Kreisler's technical skill has declined almost as much. He is also inclined to soften the outlines of Beethoven excessively. The orchestral performance by John Barbirolli and the London Philharmonic is excellent.

***††† Symphony in E flat (No. 99), Haydn: Columbia (three 12-inch records \$4.50). One of Haydn's most delightful symphonies, and a phonographic first time. The performance is by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and it is in every way a joy. Utterly irresistible, even if you don't like Haydn or symphonies.

***††† Polonaise in A major (Military) Chopin, and Scherzo from String Octet (opus 20), Mendelssohn: RCA-Victor (twelve-inch record, \$1.50). Exceptional recording and deft performances by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, provide the interest of this disk.

VOCAL

***†† Fêtes Galantes (First and Second Series), Trois Chansons de Bilitis, Le Promenoir de deux Amants, Ballade des Femmes de Paris, and De Grève, (Debussy): RCA-Victor (seven 10-inch records, \$10.50). One of the most comprehensive albums of songs by Debussy yet to appear. They are sung with excellent understanding and fine vocal resourcefulness by the English soprano, Maggie Teyte, with the admirable assistance of Alfred Cortot at the piano.

***††† Flickan Kom Ifran Sin Alsklings Mote and Saf, Saf, Susa, (Sibelius): RCA-



RECORDED MUSIC

Victor (ten-inch record, \$1.50). Two fine songs by the Finnish composer superlatively sung by Marian Anderson, the great Negro contralto. One rarely hears so superior a blend of vocal quality and emotional understanding. The piano accompaniment by Kosti Vehanen is competent.

KEYBOARD

***††† *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Partita in B flat, Six Little Preludes* (Bach): RCA-Victor (four 12-inch records, \$8). The great fantasy and the finest of Bach's suites performed on the harpsichord with remarkable virtuosity and splendid musicianship by Wanda Landowska. The instrument is more than an antique and admiration of it not merely a pose when it is played with the vigor of mind and spirit that are Mme. Landowska's.

DANCE

Presenting "*Red, Hot, and Blue*" (Victor, twelve-inch record, \$1.25). The best of Cole Porter's musical score, presented in unusually capable fashion by Rae Giersdorf, Alan Holt, a chorus, and orchestra directed by Leonard Joy. Included are the title song, "It's De-Lovely", "You've Got Something", "Ridin' High", "Ours", and "Good-bye, Little Dream, Good-bye".

Alexander's Rag-time Band and Riffin at the Ritz (Victor, ten-inch record, \$.75). Old and new manifestations of *le jazz hot*, done to a turn by Bennie Goodman and orchestra.

Don't Take Away My P.W.A. (Decca, ten-inch, \$.35). Lyric version of a popular plaint, intoned with appropriate fervor by Jimmie Gordon. Piano, guitar, and bass furnish the accompaniment to the Gordon singing, which is earnest if not skillful. Made for the "race" trade, but an adornment to any collection of Americana.

Clouds and Avalon, Ultra-Fox and Django-logy, Some of These Days and Lily Belle May June (Decca, three 10-inch records, \$.75 each). Importations from France of several exceptional performances by the best of Continental swing virtuosi. Lots of rhythmic vitality and improvisatory imagination in these, and fairly easy on the aural nerves, for the instruments are violin, three guitars, and string bass.



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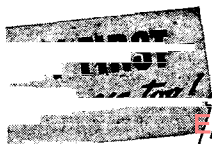
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AMERICAN RAILROADS



THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front adv't. section, p. vii)

refuses to progress. Experience has proved that the majority of college professors are just as static in their social viewpoints as an Iowa farmer, and just as conventional. In fact the intelligentsia has as many prejudices as a Main Street storekeeper and as much smugness as the D.A.R. What the majority considers progressive was progressive fifty years ago, and by now is the possession of the masses who are naturally slow in grasping modern ideas, not being busy thinking for themselves.

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ALEXANDRA MAZUROVA

Campbell, Cal.

~

THERE'S HOPE FOR ANN

SIR: The problem child who so eloquently sought aid in your OPEN FORUM is really quite normal. Her symptoms, especially the illuminating comment that she "adores Mencken", are eloquent testimony that she is a typical fourteen-year-old and that the twaddle Dr. Mencken is turning out on his typewriter these days is just the poppy-wholesome by fourteen-year-olds; of any

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THE OPEN FORUM

age. To one who "adored" Mencken back in the days when Ann Vickers was mouthing her ABC's, I find I must interrupt his present rantings and constantly refer to the top of the page in order to assure myself that I haven't wandered off into the testament called AMERICANA. Still, there is hope — for Ann. Before long she will discover *Ballyhoo* and *Esquire*, and then the young lady will realize that this country has even greater comedy writers than the Bagatelle from Baltimore.

BAER KRAUT

Jersey City



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SIR: I write to express my enthusiasm for your editorial policy. I am much heartened by the thought that there is someone with the courage to take such a position in these days. I question, however, whether you should allow the sentimentalists to run off with the term "Liberal"; I believe that that term should be used to refer exactly to the attitude which you take — namely, that of absolutely untrammelled inquiry and study. In the same way, you are too modest in your theory that critical study has no constructive value; it may be true that a philosopher cannot lead a football team, but a critic of the existing rules of football certainly can have something to say about the revision of those rules. But I have written to applaud, and not to condemn. Go on with your free discussion and your very helpful suggestions as to what needs to be done.

PITMAN B. POTTER

Geneva, Switzerland



WANTED: A CHINAMAN

SIR: Whatever has become of that H. L. Mencken Chinaman that could have beaten Roosevelt? Undoubtedly he's buried deep beneath a pile of *Literary Digest* ballots.

R. C. O'BRIEN

North Arlington, Va.

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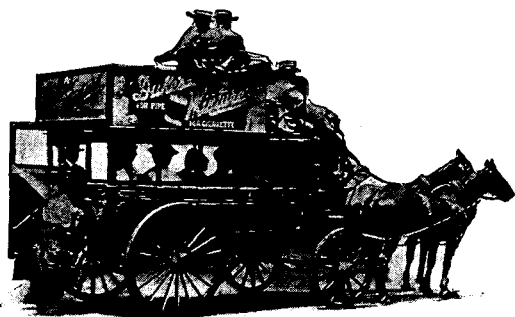
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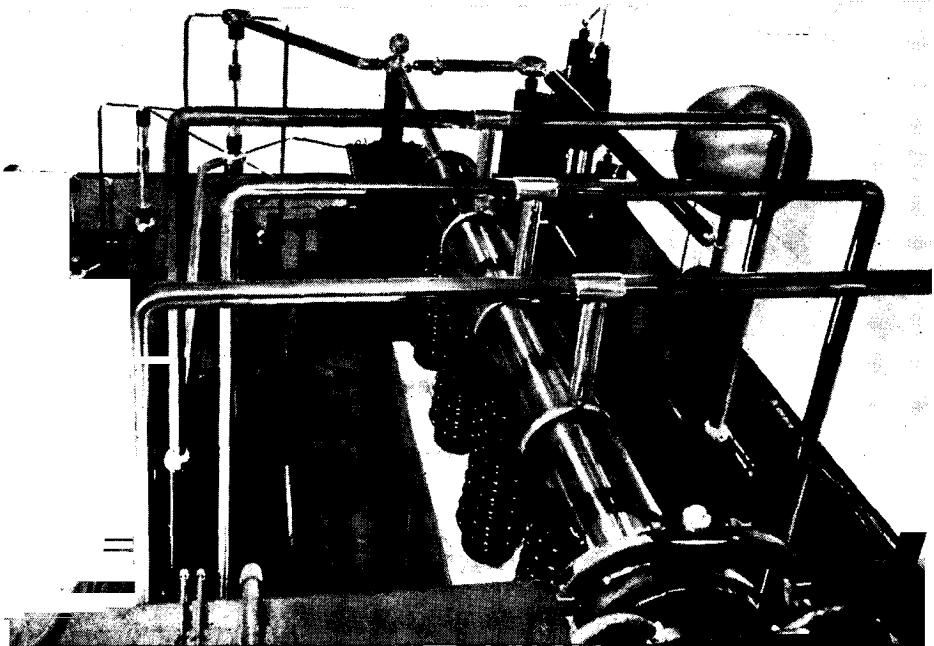


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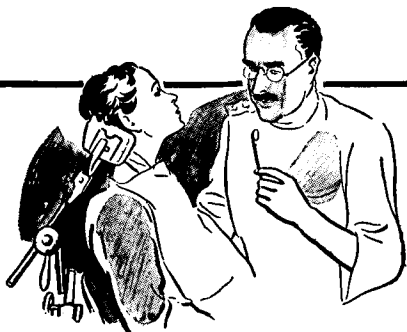
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Paul Palmer, *Editor*

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THE NEW BOOKS

Oscar Wilde on the Road

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

OSCAR WILDE DISCOVERS AMERICA, 1882, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith. \$4.50. *Harcourt. Brace.*

IT WOULD not, at first sight, seem likely that any person on earth, and scarcely any person in heaven, could write an interesting account of the lecture tour made in America in 1882 by Oscar Wilde. To try to fill 445 large pages with an account of that tour would seem likely to baffle even celestial effort. Yet Mr. Lewis and the late Mr. Smith have succeeded in performing this apparently impossible feat. They have not only performed it, but against all human probability have produced a most interesting and valuable book. It was not until I was well into it that I discovered the secret of their success. It seemed at first to be heavily padded with the most irrelevant material. For example, the authors cannot mention the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher without giving a long account of his affair with Mrs. Tilton, who, it may be remembered, was found guilty of having committed adultery with him, although he was declared innocent of having committed adultery with her, a most one-sided affair. I then realized that they were telling the history of the United States in the 'Eighties in terms of Wilde's tour. Wilde, in short, is the thin thread on which the authors string a really important narrative of American social history.

But even as an account merely of Wilde's lecture tour, the book has immense value. What a feat that was! How many persons realize that Oscar Wilde, at the age of twenty-seven, was celebrated on two continents, although he had written only one small volume of mediocre poems and a play called *Vera*, or *The Nihilists*, which

no one would produce? Gilbert had made him a principal character in *Patience*. Du Maurier caricatured him almost weekly in *Punch*. He was lampooned and mocked from one end of America to the other. There can have been few men in the world who were subjected to so much organized insult from the cultured and the uncultured as Oscar Wilde. Yet he had done extraordinarily little to deserve any attention at all. He was not even the originator of the cult of aestheticism, which he derived from Ruskin, nor was there anything remarkable or profound or shocking in what he said. The matter contained in his lectures seems the most tepid stuff, such as any advanced girl at Bryn Mawr would now deride as schoolmarm culture. Remarks as unoriginal are commonly broadcast these days from the White House. He had, it is true, carried lilies and sunflowers in public, or so it was said, although the sunflower is an ugly thing and difficult to carry in comfort; but that was the sort of prank any young man of individual character might perform. His most widely-quoted epigrams, such as the statement that the Atlantic Ocean was very disappointing, are the commonplaces of our time.

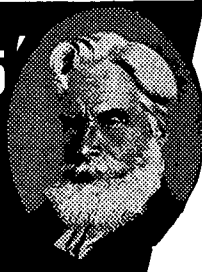
The fact is that Oscar Wilde, instead of being a highly complicated and affected person, with a tendency to become paradoxical on the least, or on no, provocation, was a simple-minded young man who said, *sincerely and unaffectedly*, what he thought and felt. It is true, and a vast number of ordinary citizens yearly testify to the fact, that the Atlantic Ocean is a disappointing and unduly prolonged sheet of water. There is not a single island to break its

(Continued on page viii)

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THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page iv)

lamentable monotony between Ireland and Newfoundland, and we are driven to building ships of unwieldy length in the hope of reducing the duration of any voyage on it. In 1882, however, the mass of people conspired to regard the Atlantic as a majestic spectacle; and elderly gentlemen were liable, when contemplating it, to spread out their chests and quote Byron, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" It was inevitable that Wilde, exceedingly bored by this apparently illimitable liquid, should be considered an affected puppy and possibly a pervert because he said that he was disappointed in it. "I have never known such loneliness," he said. "There was such a broad expanse of water, a desert, as one may say, and I felt at times as though it would have been a great relief could I have seen a single fishing smack." How many thousands of people have felt the same desire for relief from so much water since then; yet Wilde's statement almost staggered humanity.

And Wilde's affectation with regard to lilies and sunflowers was a trifle in comparison with Disraeli's pretense that he doted on the primrose, or, worse still, Joseph Chamberlain's dreadful addiction to orchids. The white lily, surely "of a blameless life", is a cold, unattractive flower, resembling a lady who retains her virginity because no one wishes to deprive her of it. Had Wilde displayed a morbid interest in poppies or passionflowers, there might have been something in his taste to reproach, but to call offensive names after a man who admires a plant so chaste and vestal-like as the lily, seems a work of supererogation. For a man to become associated with the great, flat, yellow face of the sunflower is not cause enough for treating him as if, like Habakkuk, he were capable of all, especially when the flaunting of an orchid, a very involved and scarcely decent flower worn only by the most expensive women in New York, was considered almost meritorious when the

buttonhole which held it belonged to a politician.

The begetter of Wilde's tour was Richard D'Oyly Carte, the remarkably astute Jew who contrived to make Gilbert and Sullivan work together as if they liked each other. Carte used Wilde as an advance publicity man for the plays. But why, may be enquired, did Wilde permit himself to be used in this manner? Because he was an exhibitionist, determined to be notorious even if he had to make a buffoon of himself to obtain publicity? No, incredible as it may seem, Wilde undertook the tour to obtain money to maintain his mother, Lady Wilde, and his brother, William. How banal that the aesthete, the highbrow, the exhibitionist, the sexual pervert should turn out to love his mother and brother so much that he was willing to be publicly ridiculous for their sake! He bore immense odium and abuse to earn that money. It is a singular commentary on his time that the only people in America who did not grossly insult him were Western miners and cowboys, whose hair was even longer than his and whose clothes were not unlike his famous knee breeches. He drank them under the table; he played poker with them and won their money. Those who thought he would dine on a rose petal and a glass of water, were disappointed to discover that he had a robust appetite and the capacity to imbibe, unperturbed, glass after glass of whisky. Those who, never having met him, expected to see a languid and chinless runt, were astounded to see a broad-shouldered man of six feet. His fingers were far from being lily-like. He had a fist not unlike a boxer's, and once used it on a saucy undergraduate in Oxford with enormous effect. Some abusive versifiers referred to him in the *Chicago Daily News* in the following manner:

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His sensual chin, his narrow brow,

His brains like April butter.

(Continued on page x)

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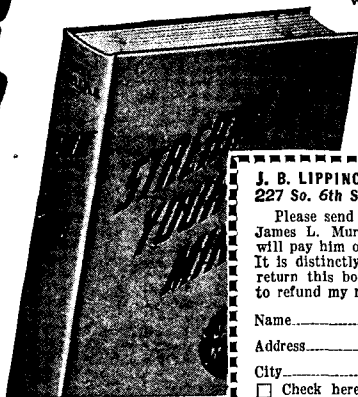
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THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page viii)

A poor effort, but, we may devoutly hope, its author's own. Wilde met these gross incivilities with courtesy. He neither lost his temper nor retorted in kind. He remained magnificently an Irish gentleman. In brief, the whole Wilde legend was utterly fantastic as an approximation to truth. If anybody was fantastic at that time it was William Schwenck Gilbert, not Oscar Wilde.

His lectures were not successful. They were neither profound nor particularly witty, nor were they well delivered. To begin with, he read his lectures, a method which does not lend itself to declamation, and he read very dully. His voice did not rise above a conversational tone, and was not always audible. He was the least exciting orator America had ever heard. He did, indeed, display the celebrated knee breeches, but only on platforms, and, occasionally, at parties. For the rest of the time, he behaved like any other man. He

was civil and courteous, even when he was exhausted by travel and bores, and he endeavored to the best of his ability to give his listeners value for their money. His reward was unexampled abuse and about \$5000 for a year's hard labor. He had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus and preserved his life.

But I must repeat that the chief interest of this singularly fascinating book is its history of American institutions in the interval between the collapse of culture in the South and the rise of culture in the North. The South, which might have understood Wilde, could not afford to listen to him, and the North, which could afford to listen to him, had not the faintest notion of what he was talking about. It is this hitherto unexplored period of American history which Mr. Lewis and Mr. Smith have laid bare to their readers; and they have performed their arduous task with great skill, great industry, great devotion, and a wealth of happy illustration.

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save

It is easy to figure how much the telephone costs. It is not easy to reckon how much it saves.

A single telephone call may save a life—brighten a friendship or a day—sell a bill of goods or land a job.

One telephone call may be worth more to you than the cost of the service for months and years to come.

The telephone saves you priceless hours of time each week—

saves you trips through snow and storm these uncertain winter days.

Without moving from the warmth and comfort of your fireside, you are in touch with stores and friends and office—by telephone. The cost is but a few cents a day. In return, the telephone offers you increasing measure of security, convenience, happiness and achievement.



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